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1/=

The Sketch

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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The Sketch

No. 2165.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY PAUL TANQUERAY.

THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER AND A SUPPORTER OUT OF PLACE.

THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER is here posed against a most attractive screen decorated with palm-trees and monkeys. "A monkey statant proper, environed round the loins and chained or," is the crest of the Duke's family; and the supporters of his coat-of-arms are two similar monkeys. The Duchess was Mrs. Rafaelle Van Neck, and is a daughter of Mr. Robert Davidson Kennedy. Her marriage to the Duke of Leinster took place in 1932.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

PACKING.

TO which school of thought do you belong ? Do you pack the shoes at the bottom or on top ? Feeling runs high on this point. There are those who hold that the shoes should form a rock-bottom foundation upon which all lighter and more collapsible objects can be accumulated in successive strata. The objection is that the shoes never arrange themselves conveniently along the bottom of the trunk or suit-case, and there is great waste of space in the cavities which result. It is not in the best interests of ties and handkerchiefs to insert them, much compressed, in these interstices ; and there are generally more gaps and chasms than can be filled even by the richest assortment of socks. Personally, I am of the other faction, which maintains that, when everything else has been packed, the shoes should be crammed in on top, somehow or other, by fair means or foul, by persuasion or by brute force. Boots and shoes, if dealt with in this manner, will generally yield in the long run, though not without bitter resistance in many cases. Mine are gradually learning, after a long reign of terror, that they are no match for those excellent expanding suit-cases which nowadays help us to tame what somebody or other has called " the incorrigible perversity of inanimate objects." I believe in treating shoes rough ; but I quite see the objection that it does not really improve a dress-shirt or a suit of clothes to be ground down by an iron heel. This is unfortunate, but in an ugly business like packing there are all sorts of evils, and a wise man must choose the lesser.

THE YOUNG HOPEFUL : " Is that the stork that brings the little Jewish babies, Dad ? "

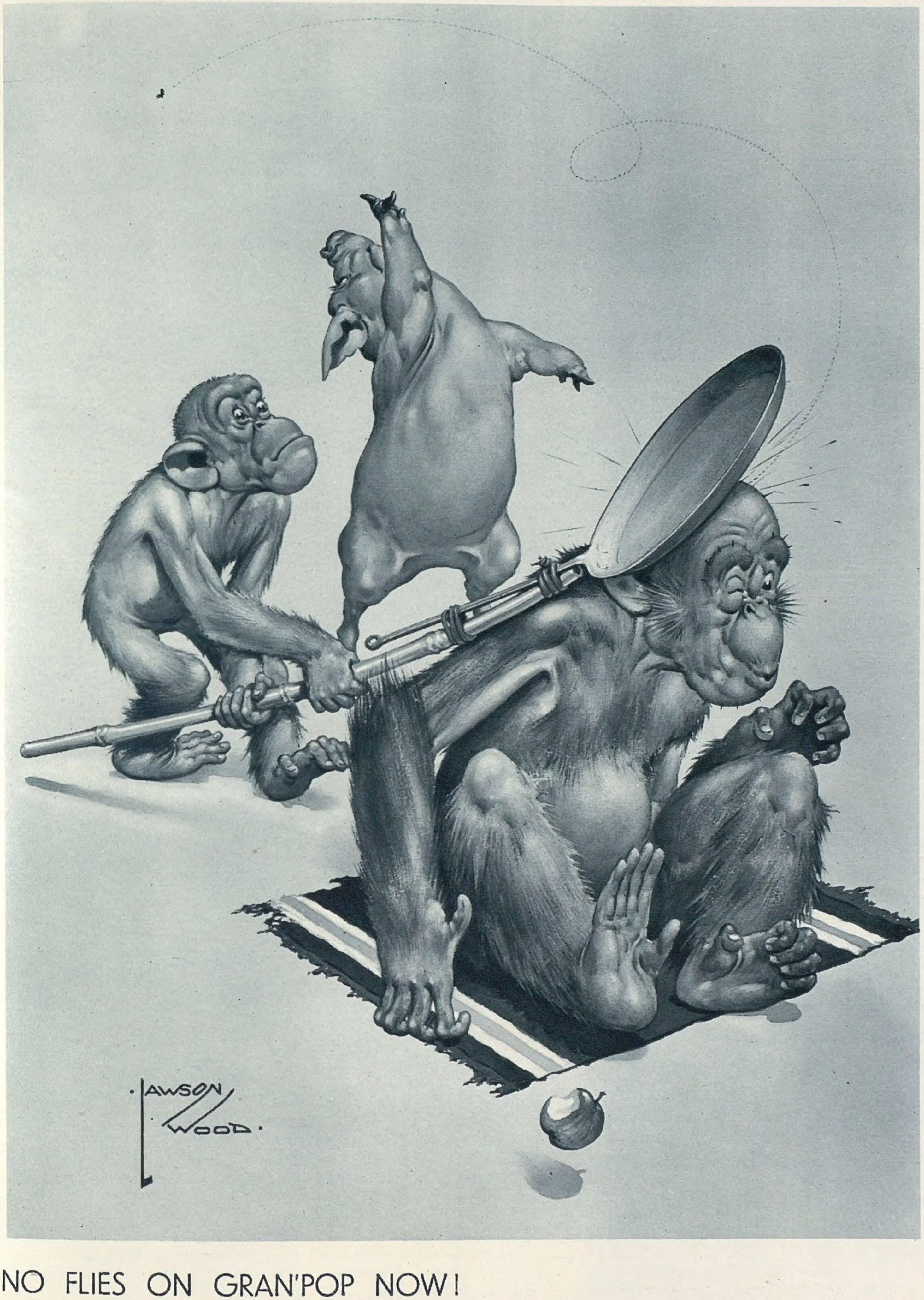
DRAWN BY L. B. MORTEN.

These shoes are the bane of packing, so far as one can distinguish one bane from another in this repulsive process. Shoes are disgustingly irregular and unwieldy objects, which will not fit comfortably into any space. (It is only fair to say that this is not altogether the fault of the shoes ; it is the fault of human feet, which are themselves irregular and unwieldy objects.) If you pack your shoes with the trees in them, they form solid, intractable obstacles to all your other packing ; if you pack them without their trees, then you have no regard for your shoes. And what a monstrous regiment of them has to be reckoned with ! What with black and brown and golf shoes and tennis shoes and evening shoes and pumps and bed-room slippers, they pre-empt half the suit-case before you have begun to think of anything else. Then they all have to be wrapped in paper ; and it is needless to observe that there is never any suitable paper about when it is wanted for this purpose. In deference to a demand from the kitchen, I take in my household an organ of public opinion which I consider only fit to serve as a wrapping for shoes, meat, or other homely objects ; and I am astonished at the regularity with which this newspaper has disappeared whenever I want it to envelop my shoes and thus fulfil its natural destiny.

O Woman, how greatly art thou favoured over men in this sore trial of packing ! There is scarcely anything you wear which occupies an appreciable portion of space. Your clothes resemble Euclid's definition of a point — they have position, but no magnitude. In this sultry weather, the weight of your whole attire does not equal that of an average man's golf-shoes. Within a single suit-case you ought to be able to carry enough to clothe you, with rich variety, for a month. But we unhappy males — think what we need even for a few days' of visit or holiday ! Not only do we bear the intolerable burden of shoes, but we can rarely move without at least three suits of day and night attire — and three suits are half a large suit-case. Then there is the problem of " tails " ; again and again, we are not quite sure whether we shall need " tails " or not ; so, to be on the safe side, we put them in, and there is another quarter of the available space gone. In this present period of transition, there are innumerable suits of " tails " which spend their whole time going in and out of suit-cases, and never touch a human back. A great fortune awaits the inventor of a dinner-jacket which, by attaching or letting down a skirt, can be converted into " tails." I commend the matter to the attention of our more resourceful tailors. I refuse to believe that it is beyond human ingenuity.

There are those who pride themselves on being able to " travel light." For myself, I have been continuously packing and unpacking all my life, and I have long since abandoned the superstition of travelling light. It is an absolute law of packing that, if you leave out anything which you think you will not want, you will certainly want it ; and the only safe principle is to pack everything which you may possibly (however improbably) need, rather than to pack the minimum which you think you will probably need.

Proceeding on this system, I have developed a certain technique of packing which I find very useful, and which I gladly hand on to any of my readers whose life is embittered, as the holiday season approaches, by the loathly prospect of packing. To begin with, do you know how to fold a suit ? I am very grateful to the person who taught me, at an early age, how to fold a suit. It is a simple art, but I find that very few people possess it. Learn it, if necessary, from your tailor ; and remember that there is *only one way* of folding a suit without creasing it out of all recognition. Next — provide yourself with a permanent written list of indispensable objects required for packing ; refer to this and follow it, instead of trusting your memory, for your memory will play you strange tricks when you are packing in a hurry, and it is terribly easy to pack the razor without the shaving-brush, or the tooth-brush without the tooth-paste, or the brushes without the comb, even though the shaving-brush and the tooth-paste and the comb are staring you in the face. If you won't go to the trouble of making a written list, then try to remember things on a system. For instance, if you are packing your evening things, work from the feet upwards—shoes, silk socks, trousers, and so on, up to the neck. In this connection, *don't forget those front studs.* Take twice as many handkerchiefs and collars as you think you will need. And, finally, never travel without ——— [*This space is reserved for any enterprising firm of patent medicine manufacturers ; rates on application to the Advertisement Manager.*]



NO FLIES ON GRAN'POP NOW!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

SCOTTISH JUNKETINGS

1. *MR. DAVID WALKER, Black Watch, was one of the guests at MISS BETHIA JARDINE'S dinner at the Queen's Club before the National Playing Fields Ball.*
2. *The house party at Dolphinton found it warm enough to sit out. Our group includes MRS. McKENZIE-STUART of Edmonstone, MRS. ROBERT VICTOR HORNE, MISS MARGARET McKENZIE, her little step-sister, JANE CAMPBELL, MRS. CAMPBELL, and MISS E. SOTHERAN-ESCOURT.*
3. *MISS MARGARET McEWAN at Hamilton Park Races.*
4. *MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD came to Hamilton Park. She has been appearing in "The Snob," at Glasgow.*
5. *LADY STEWART-CLARK brought a party to Hamilton Park.*
6. *MISS BETHIA JARDINE'S party for the Playing Fields Ball, Edinburgh, included the young hostess, MISS ELLISON POLLOCK-MORRIS, MISS ELEANOR SOTHERAN-ESCOURT, MISS MARGARET McKENZIE and her brother, JOHN, the young LAIRD OF DOLPHINTON, MISS EILDON McCONNELL, MR. TOM FASSON, MR. KENNETH MACKENZIE, MR. ALISTAIR McINTYRE, MR. DAVID WALKER, and MR. G. F. WATHERSTON, "Rugger" International.*
7. *MAJOR ELPHINSTONE and MRS. WILLIAM CONNELL, from Aryshire, at Hamilton Park Races.*

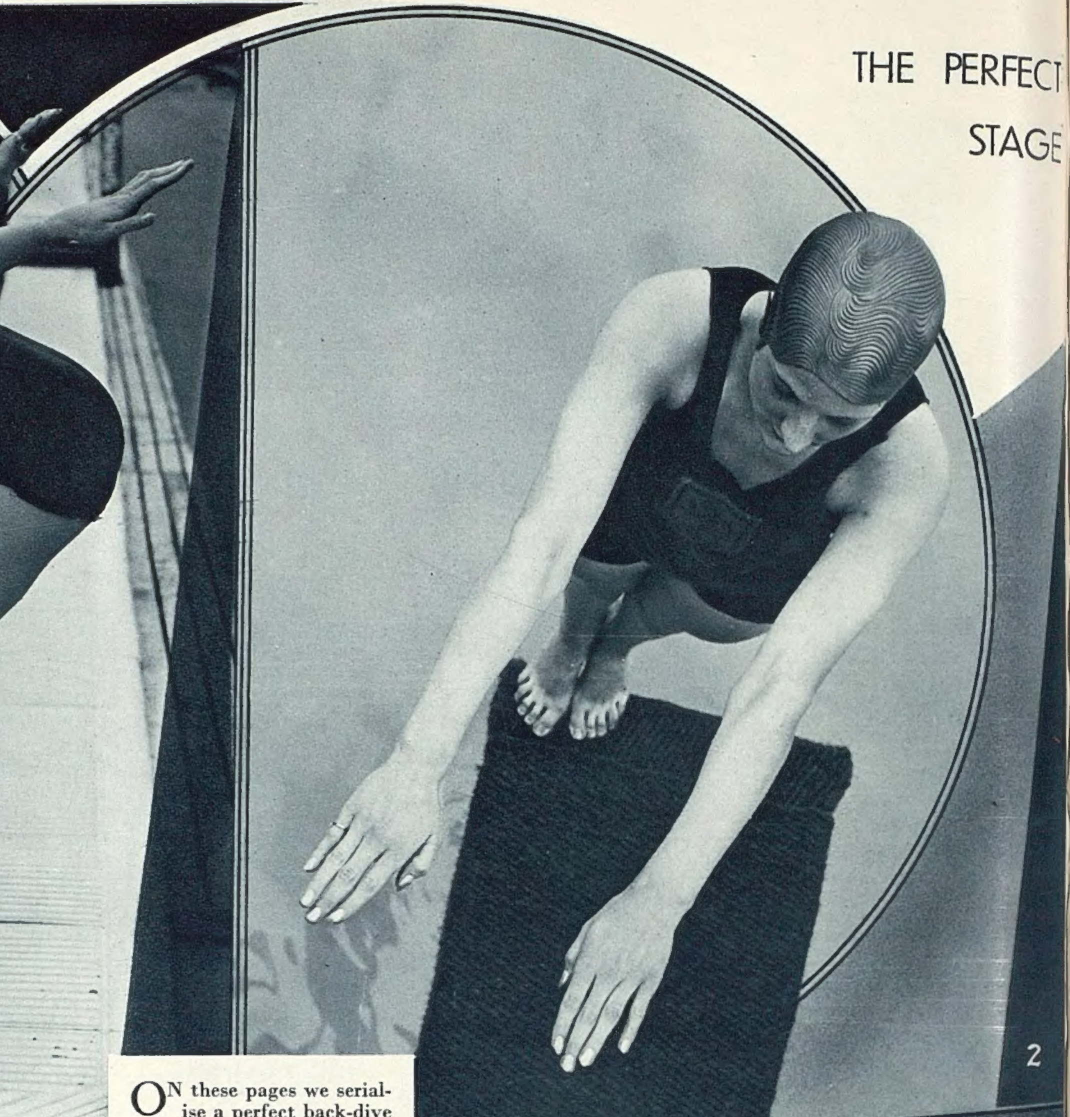
PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

PLANETREE HOUSE
CONVERSATION PIECE QUARTETTE.

This delightful family party group was taken at Planetree House, the lovely London home of MR. and MRS. FRANK STANLEY CLARKE, who are posed with their baby daughter, ANTONIA EDITH STANLEY CLARKE, who was born on April 27, 1933, and the dachshund, who felt he was not getting quite enough attention, so decided to beg for a little more! Mrs. Stanley Clarke was Miss Vivian St. George. She is a daughter of Mrs. Howard Bligh St. George, of Cam House, Campden Hill, W.8.

THE PERFECT STAGE

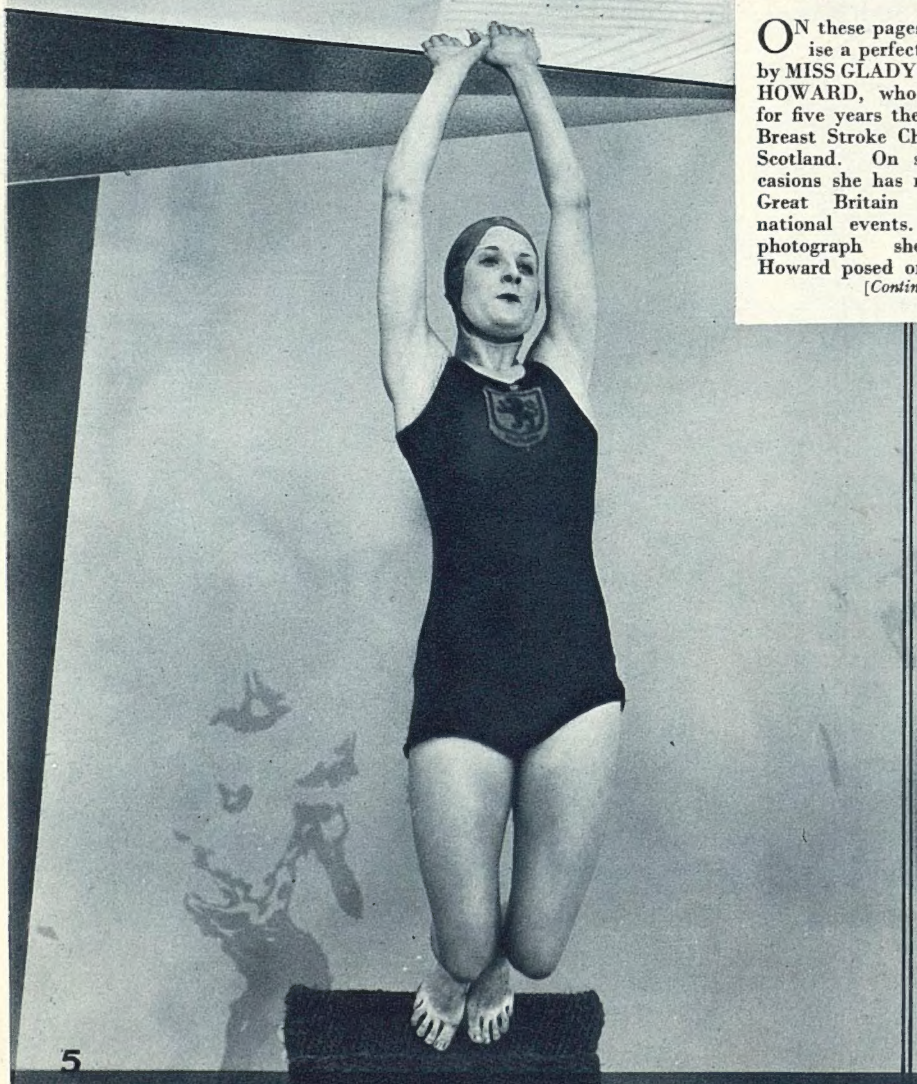
1



2

ON these pages we serialise a perfect back-dive by MISS GLADYS EILEEN HOWARD, who has been for five years the 200-yards Breast Stroke Champion of Scotland. On several occasions she has represented Great Britain in international events. Our first photograph shows Miss Howard posed on the edge

[*Continued opposite.*



5

6

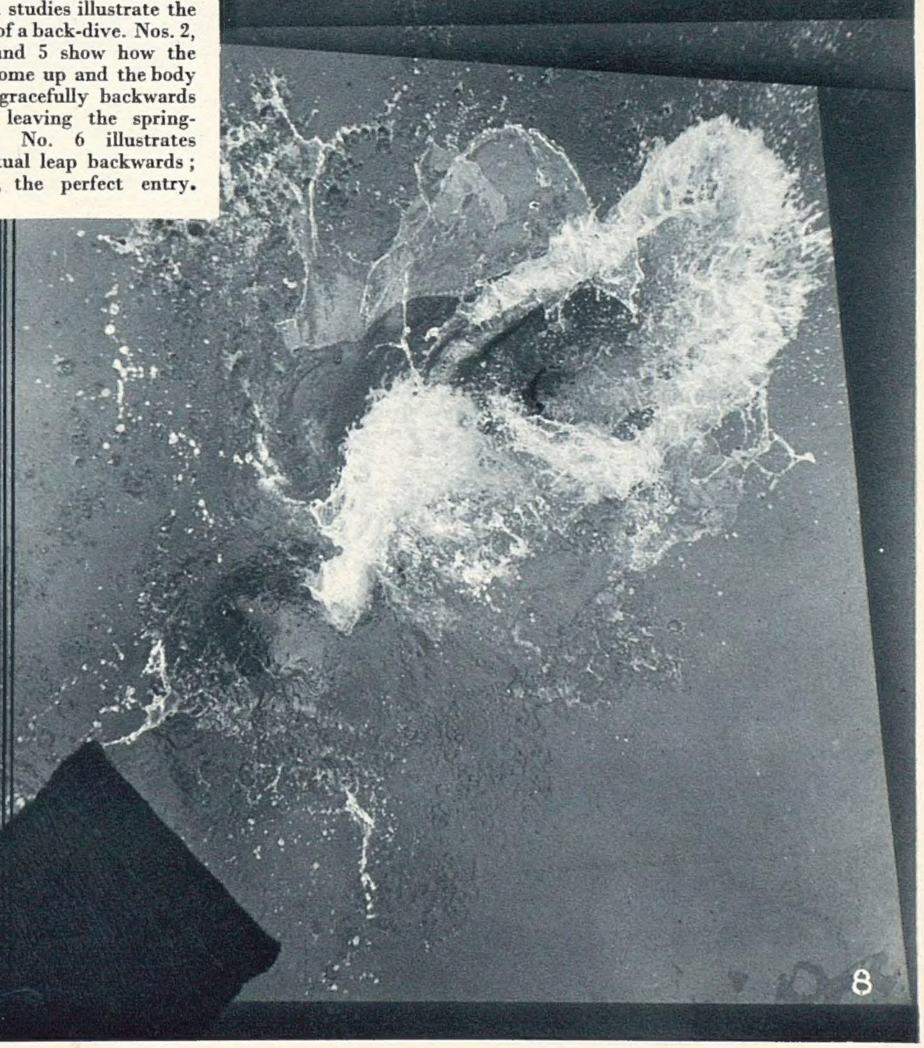
BACK-DIVE—BY STAGE.

3

4

Continued.]
of the bath before a head-first dive; the other seven camera studies illustrate the stages of a back-dive. Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 show how the arms come up and the body bends gracefully backwards before leaving the spring-board; No. 6 illustrates the actual leap backwards; No. 7, the perfect entry.

7



8

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

IN semi-darkness, with fishes to the right of them, fishes to the left of them, fishes all round them, and not a rod between them, five hundred and fifty flyfishers and guests assembled at the Aquarium. No more fitting surroundings could have been chosen for these further celebrations of the Jubilee of the Flyfishers' Club. The Council of the Zoological Society graciously permitted the Flyfishers to hold a conversazione in the Zoological Gardens and Aquarium on July 11, and extended the courtesy to include the privilege of dining in the Fellows' Dining Room.

Here are Bill Nation, of Kamloops, British Columbia, and Mr. H. H. McDougall with a fine lot of RAINBOW TROUT, running from 3 lb. to 6 lb. apiece, caught on fly in Little River, British Columbia.

Rarely can the inhabitants of the Aquarium have viewed such a distinguished throng. The tropical fishes flaunted their most brilliant colouring, but, even in their brightly lit tanks, they could not outlustre their lady visitors. One poor fish was so upset that it lay on the bottom of its tank, seemingly quite dead. I hope it has recovered from the shock, as it would be sad to think such a pleasant evening should be marred by a tragedy. The conger-eels hid their heads in the pipes with which their tank is furnished — possibly as a sign of their disapproval of the cocktail bar close at hand. A few salmon parr and one or two smolts exist in the Aquarium, and that is all one can say about them. The trout, of which there are a fair number, are in much the same plight. They are evidently in need of some form of natural food—either flies or mollusca. Other freshwater fish looked in good condition, the carp in particular.

Eventually the fish were left in undisturbed possession of the Aquarium, and the centre of attraction shifted to the refreshment room facing the flood-lit Mappin Terrace. From then until the band played "God Save the King," the polar bears were the star turn. While watching a keeper throwing pieces of fatty meat to Sam, the big bear, who caught them from thirty feet away with wonderful dexterity, I overheard someone remark that, with Sam fielding in the slips, we might have won the third Test Match.

Certainly the conversazione was a memorable evening and a worthy Jubilee Celebration.

SWANS nearly robbed Mr. T. A. Booth of this fine trout of 5 lb. 7½ oz., which he caught in the New River, as you may read on this page.

Trout Remove Scourge to Bathers in Welsh Lake. Bathers in Roath Park Lake, Cardiff, have to thank Alderman R. G. Hill-Snook for immunity from the attacks of some parasite which in previous years caused swimmers serious irritation of the skin and produced a rash. Last year over £20 worth of copper sulphate was put into the water, but it did not improve matters, so in March last Alderman Hill-Snook persuaded the Cardiff Parks Committee to put in 6000 trout. He offered to pay for any loss if the trout did not rid the lake of the parasites, and his faith in the trout has been justified, for not a single complaint has been received from bathers this season. On top of this success the Alderman promises a further benefit for the ratepayers next year, when fishing licences can be sold.

Swans Interfere with Angler. An extraordinary incident occurred on June 16 on the New River stretch of the Amwell Magna Fishery, which has a delightful piece of water on the Lee, with a most picturesque club-house on the bank. According to my friend Mr. F. J. Johnston, of Chingford, Mr. T. A. Booth hooked a heavy trout, and while he was playing this fish a family of swans interfered. Cob, pen, and four cygnets all threatened to foul the line, and the parent birds made angry demonstrations. For a time matters were very complicated, but fortune favoured Mr. Booth, and he succeeded in landing a splendid trout of 5 lb. 7½ oz., length 23¾ inches. The Amwell Magna water has yielded other big fish this season, for Mr. Johnston advises me that the trout of 5 lb. caught by Mr. Chew, and one of over 4 lb. caught by Mr. Grounds, were taken from this water, and not in the Red Spinner Society's water, as I stated recently in *The Sketch*.

Seventy Trout a Week—Guaranteed. The uncertainty of fishing is its chief attraction. If one could make a heavy bag on every fishing trip, the sport would soon lose its fascination. We start each day with big ideas of making a record bag, but the big ideas are humbled as the day wears on. More often than not we return quite elated with a small fish or two which earlier in the day we would have disdained to keep. All the same, a week's really good sport—say, seventy trout up to 3 lb. or more apiece—would not come amiss. I do not know any place in the British Isles where such sport could be found with any certainty, but in Kamloops, British Columbia, there is an anglers' guide, Bill Nation by name, who guarantees his patrons such results. An extra-fine bag taken by one of them is shown on this page. The photographer appears to have arrived while Bill Nation was busy cleaning the trout, as half of them have had their "innards" removed.

Mystery of Some Pike Bones. The discovery of some typical pike Y-bones in the stomach of a trout is likely to prove a topic of discussion among anglers. Pike are such notorious marauders that the mere suspicion that a trout has eaten one of them is most interesting. The trout—a beautifully shaped, exceptionally deep fish weighing 4½ lb.—was caught by Mrs. Lewis Smith in Loch Rannoch on June 20. The bones were the only recognisable evidence of a small pike having been swallowed by this trout, but, coupled with the fact, as Dr. Smith assures me, that the trout was taken in the western end of Loch Rannoch, where pike are to be found, there seems no room for doubt. If anyone can supply me with details of a similar occurrence, I would be glad to have them, as I have never before heard of a trout turning the tables on a pike.

When the fishing season opens in California, even the chiefs of the picture world hear the call and seek out the fighting trout. Sidney R. Kent, of New York, President of the Fox Film Corporation, came to Lake Arrowhead on his recent trip to the West Coast and succeeded in landing a FINE CATCH OF RAINBOW TROUT. With him is Mrs. Kent.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

An octopus seized a lythe which was being hauled to the surface by an angler fishing in Oban Bay. With the assistance of his companions in the boat, the angler succeeded in landing the octopus also.

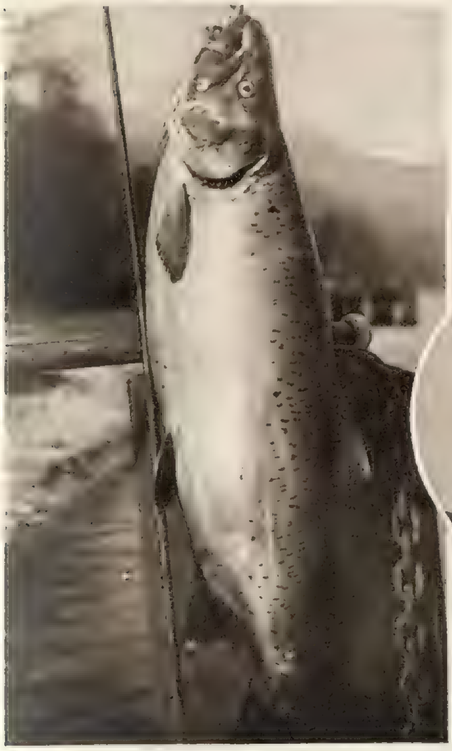
A somewhat similar experience befell an angler perch-fishing in Loch Etive. While pulling up a perch, the latter was seized by a 14-lb. pike, both being safely landed.

Tunny have been seen 45 N.E. off Scarborough. This is the first report of the season, and was made by the skipper of the *Golden Gleam*.

Preparations are being made to attract tunny-anglers to Redcar.

R. L. MARSTON.

IF YOU GO FISHING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA!



It's really true that this KAMLOOPS TROUT weighed 29 lb.!

A happy party of anglers in British Columbia.

The WORLD'S RECORD STEELHEAD (28½ lb.), caught in B.C.

A basket of STEELHEAD, and the angler who caught them.

A SLIGHT EXAGGERATION! "THE KIND THEY CATCH AT EWING'S LANDING, B.C.!"

An angler showing a fine fish in the foreground—with lovely B.C. scenery in the background.

A 14-lb. CUT-THROAT and a small STEELHEAD, fine British Columbian fish.

THE DRESSES THEY WORE

1. MISS PAM BARTON, the seventeen-year-old Mid-Surrey golfer who won the French Women's Open Championship at Le Touquet, had a dance given for her last week by her parents, on the day after her triumphant return. She wore a satin dress with a stitched waistbelt and a ruching of pleated satin round the knees.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA; SPECIALLY

AT THEIR DANCES.

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2. MISS AVERIL LOYD is the débutante daughter of Mrs. Ralph Stobart. She wore a white heavy moiré silk dress with a stitched silver lamé hem, and a silver basque at the waist, at the ball which her mother gave for her.

3. MISS GLORIA GORDON is the daughter of Mrs. William Gordon and Major William Gordon, V.C., formerly A.D.C. to his Majesty the King. She wore a dress of white organdie, with a crinoline skirt trimmed with rosebuds, and carried a fan-shaped bouquet of orchids, lilies-of-the-valley, and other flowers at the ball which Mrs. Gordon gave for her

TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

COLONEL TILNEY, his daughter, MISS MARY TILNEY, and MISS MAXWELL arrived together at the Royal Garden Party at the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

SCOTTISH ASIDES.

By

PAMELA MURRAY.

ROYAL WEEK, had perfect weather—a few tactful and cooling showers falling on the only "off" day. When their Majesties left Edinburgh, the capital felt as flat as a bap. To realise what the presence of a reigning monarch means to Holyrood, the old grey Palace at the foot of the High Street, or Royal Mile, you must recall that, since James VI. became "the wisest fool in Christendom" by migrating to London as James I., royal visits have been rare until now. Monarchs regularly, or occasionally, did their duty to the city with "the vilest climate under heaven"; but, with the exception of the First Gentleman of Europe, who was Scottish-minded when Scott was advertising the Trossachs; and Bonny Prince Charlie, who had the Scottish Crown in mind, Holyrood has enjoyed few thrilling visitors since Bothwell called on Mary.

This century has seen a change. Our King and Queen love Edinburgh, and are loved by Edinburgh. The Queen's taste and knowledge has made Holyrood beautiful within. The King has many personal friends among his Archers. Both have revived the pomp and pageantry peculiar to "mine own romantic town," with the result that a grateful municipality has covered the trams (referred to as "cars") with "thousands of closely-packed blooms" (daily Press), so that it's possible to imagine oneself in the fecund South. Not that anyone, once in Princes Street, would be so lacking in taste as to wish himself anywhere else, unless it be in George Street, where the famed Assembly Rooms were opened for one of the best dances ever held there or anywhere.

The fact that summer dances are infrequent may account for the verve, gusto, and wit which distinguished a large company. Londoners have been known to wail that "these beastly Scotch evenings are too strenuous for words—and, ma de-ah, the noise is infamous and the women like dairymaids—devastatingly healthy." We found this occasion very different—many pretty girls and women, charmingly dressed, a few country bumpkins only adding to the gaiety by their evident enjoyment, numbers of good-looking men in uniforms, tails, or the kilt, and plenty of neat conversation and/or virile flirtation, as opposed to London langours. Scotsmen are not afraid of being thought intelligent—in England it's still an offence to wear your brain on your sleeve—or of falling in love with Gallic flippancy, a combination which makes for female enjoyment, on higher or lower planes.

MR. and MRS. JOHN STEWART of Ardvorlich, at the Holyrood garden-party. MISS MARION CAMERON, younger sister of Mrs. Stewart, is with them.

This group arriving at Holyrood for the garden-party consists of MAJOR and MRS. "RONNIE" THOMPSON, MR. "BILLY" BRUCE, MRS. C. L. THOMPSON, and MAJOR SHOLTO DOUGLAS, Chief Constable of the Lothians and Peebles.

CLOSE-UPS. Lord Galloway dancing with his wife, who wore sophisticated white and a diamond halo. I remember when she and Lady Stewart-Clark (present in forget-me-not) represented American and English beauty respectively for charity.

Peter Keith-Murray and his diminutive wife.

Colin Campbell and his attractive wife.

Young Lloyd of Minard dancing a reel precisely. His wife (Lilias Baird till lately) looking childishly sweet.

Lady Findlay, Mrs. Alec Bowhill, and Mrs. "Dandie" Wallace wearing smart black and sleek heads, dancing with each other's husbands in rotation.

Mrs. Peter Findlay from Long Island, still wearing platinum hair.

The platinum-headed Lady Seton wearing platinum lamé.

Claudia Blackburn, Edinburgh's foremost games-playing girlie, laughing with Tommy Stewart-Clark.

Lady Sylvia Maitland, delicious with honey-coloured hair and creamy skin, in a supper-queue near Sir Mike Malcolm of the well-brushed waves.

Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, in plum velvet, thanking us for attending the Playing Fields Ball in such numbers. His Committee consisted of David Balfour, wearing a pale-blue kilt, and Mrs. Kenneth Murray, of the excellent shoulders, who went to Musselburgh Races with Sir Ian Malcolm. In London, thirty chattering females, a paid organiser and

staff, would not have achieved the same smooth evening and financial *coup*. Can we take a hint?

The cabaret was the only amateur show we have ever sat through without being tortured by boredom or giggles. Twenty young women with exquisite legs and Charlot-esque figures did such high-speed chorus dancing that it was hard to believe in their amateur status. Mrs. McCulloch and Mrs. George Malcolm were the only marrieds engaged. Miss Helen Low of the violet eyes, and Miss Mary Borthwick, whom swains adore, were perhaps prettiest; but Lady Grizel Boyle, Patience Grandison (responsible for costumes, which Calthrop couldn't have bettered), Anne Marshall, Rosemary Balfour, and the rest deserve praise for working eight hours a day for eight days before THE night, and for conclusively proving that provincial talent 's unbeaten. "*Les* Débutantes" should have been present to learn, though they couldn't hope for a mention in this class.

Burlesque characterised the rest of the show, in which Lady Kinross's family were to the fore. Nigel Carruthers and Ursula Balfour danced. She is a cute soubrette and he 's smilingly competent. We wonder how they learnt the Mistinguett hoist? Then came "Trixie the Talk of the Trossachs," with Ursula as a Bing Boy. John Weir wrote it. Next, "Madame" Victor Reynolds, as a concert prima donna, trilled about "Hi-ho" and "Li-lo"—just the teeniest bit naughty, dear! Dowagers leant forward not to miss an innuendo. In the "Britannia" episode, Lady Mar and Kellie and Lady Colquhoun, representing the Carberry party, on gilt chairs above the cushion-squatters, were much amused. In London, a "Britannia" episode usually means Miss Mary Collins, looking statuesque, is draped in flags, while beauties dressed as "Dominions" process. Edinburgh's version was this formula, performed by the village school on fête (pronounced "feet") day. Mary Jamieson, Margaret Low, Patience Grandison, and Diana Lang supported Mr. Clinton Baddeley as outrageous school-children reciting verse in Wee Macgregor accents. A dance followed, up and down a flight of steps, landing them in ungainly knots most comical to behold. Each item, ably backed by Austin Richards and Major Murray at two pianos, was timed at revue speed. We wanted the programme through twice. A unique experience.

Among the young things who arrived at 9.15 p.m. for ten o'clock, in order to fill their programmes and dance three extras (Scotland likes a lot for her money), were Bethia Jardine, the Stewart-Clark sisters, the McKenzie brothers and their popular sister, Eildon McConnell, Lord "Geordie" Douglas-Hamilton, Alistair Macintyre (said to be certain of a Rugger blue shortly), Ellison Pollok-Morris, Eleanor Sotheran-Escourt (a pretty red-headed importation), Rex de Winton, from Piers Hill (the condemned Gunner barracks), G. G. Watherston, who modestly describes himself as "the worst Rugger player who ever got a cap for Scotland," and David Walker (Black Watch). Arriving later, as befitted one of riper age, Archie Crabbe enjoyed his supper. His party of Scots Guards, transferred from London for the week, were a source of excitement to the ingenuous townspeople, agape at such clockwork magnificence.

Their Majesties must be amused as well as touched by this unsophisticated attitude of Scottish crowds.

MR. BRODRICK CHINNERY - HALDANE, son of the Laird of Gleneagles, is seen at the Holyrood Garden-Party with his sister, MRS. HUGH HARRIS, who wore frilled organdie.

Two from Aberdeenshire at the Garden-Party in Edinburgh. MRS. ARTHUR FOWLER'S zigzag tartan dress in strong colours on black was very successful. She is with MRS. GEORGE MIDDLETON.

The North Berwick golfing twins, MISS VIOLET and MISS SHEILA GRAHAME, nieces of Mr. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, wore flowered dresses at the Holyrood Garden-Party.

(Left) CAPTAIN ERNEST MONTGOMERY, H.L.I., brought his wife to the Royal Garden-Party in Edinburgh. She wore a most engaging halo bonnet with white flowers framing the face. Before her marriage, she was Miss Rosemary Noble. Her father is Sir John Noble of Ardinglass.

Though they signified their intention of visiting Hamilton Races very quietly, the whole of Motherwell, Hamilton, and Wishaw (those hideous mining towns where stout hearts beat under coats of soot), and much of Glasgow, cheered with frenzy, waving paper bags as the royal cars drove up the course (as at Ascot), and rushing to cheer the King when he went to the paddock. This is not "manners," but they were doubtless excused for breaking into excited roars without the slightest provocation. Lady Linlithgow walked with the Queen. Lady Rosebery talked to the King. The Dowager Lady Airlie stood at the wrong window when collecting 2s. 6d. on the King's modest win, till rescued by Mr. Gerald Chichester. Tallulah Bankhead was unrecognised. Sir Godfrey Collins and daughter Elsbeth represented officialdom. Mr. Archie MacLagan and Major Anthony Marshall were pillars of the Scottish Turf. The former 's on Hamilton's go-ahead committee.

ARTISTIC CARAVANNING.

The caravanning habit makes its appeal very strongly in heat-wave weather. MRS. NEVINSON, PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY, MR. PATRICK GARRETT, and MR. C. R. W. NEVINSON, the artist, are here enjoying the delights of a temporary "gypsy" life. Cool drinks are the word!

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY, the novelist, has just done a sprint to the farm for milk.

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy is the author of "Storm Tarn" and "Gallows' Seed," but she can peel potatoes as well as write novels!

Here the novelist Princess is laying the table for lunch in the middle of the field.

Even a caravan life isn't all holiday fun. Princess Paul Troubetzkoy is knocking off a chapter of her new novel during the course of the afternoon. She always takes her typewriter with her.

Lovely food can come out of the caravan kitchenette. The Princess is frying a trout.

Caravan housekeeping amuses Princess Paul Troubetzkoy. Here she is inspecting the Camembert cheese.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

CONFESSIONS BY CAMERA: NO. 1.—THE HON. MRS. NALL-CAIN.

THE "Confession Album," which contained a series of printed questions designed to reveal the personality of the victim, was a craze in the Edwardian era. "The Sketch" revives it in a pictorial form with this series of illustrated

[*Continued opposite.*

Continued.]

interviews. The HON. MRS. RONALD NALL-CAIN, wife of the Hon. Ronald Nall-Cain, M.P. for the Wavertree Division of Liverpool, only son of Lord Brocket, is our first "subject."

QUESTION.	ANSWER.
What is your favourite type of decoration?	Tudor or Adam.
Which "Old Master's" work do you most admire?	Romney.
Have you any preference in the matter of modern day dress?	Yes; well-cut country tweeds.
Your favourite month of the year?	August.
Are you interested in any particular sport?	Deer-stalking—in Scotland.
Who is your favourite author?	Sir James Barrie—and as a play-writer also.
Which colour do you like best?	Delphinium blue.
Have you a pet aversion?	Yes, certainly—being photographed!
What is your idea of a perfect meal?	A picnic lunch of—a pie, some sandwiches, and a cake.

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1. *Great Oaks, Goring Heath, Oxon, is the delightful country home of SIR HUGH SMILEY, BT., and LADY SMILEY, who are here seen by the lily-pond in the formal garden outside the garden front. Lady Smiley was Miss Nancy Beaton. Her marriage took place in 1933, and she has a small son, John Philip Smiley, born in February last.*
2. *A close-up of the Smileys, and their dachshund. Sir Hugh is the third Baronet, and was born in 1905.*
3. *Lady Smiley posed by a beautiful magnolia in full flower in the walled garden.*

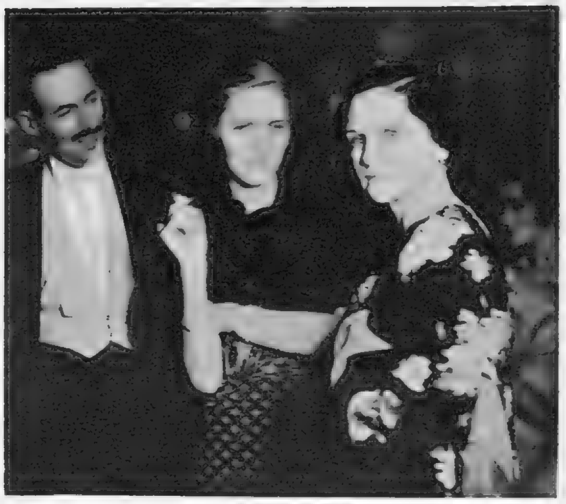
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.

THE SMILEYS WELL CONTENT AT GREAT OAKS.

THE CRUISE OF THE VINTAGE CLUB.

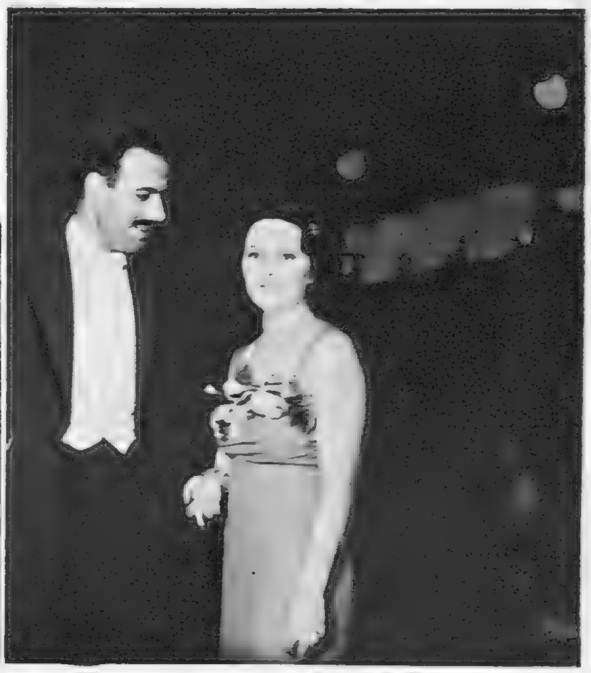
MISS MARJORIE GLASGOW, MR. CHRIS. MACKINTOSH, and PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF HESSE (l. to r.).

MISS MOIRA HUNTER, who is engaged to Sir Torquil Monro, Bt., of Lindertis, was a guest on board the "New Dagenham" on the midnight cruise with which the new Vintage Club was launched.



The HON. MRS. JOHN BETHELL, in a Chinese coat, on deck with MR. and MRS. GRAHAM OGDEN.

MISS ISABEL McCREERY and LORD "GEORDIE" DOUGLAS-HAMILTON. He is the second son of the Duke of Hamilton.



LADY DEVITT and MR. GRAHAM OGDEN on the deck, which was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion.

MISS JEAN COMBE and MR. PHILIP KINDERSLEY, and (in front), MRS. LEE GUINNESS (formerly Miss "Posie" Strangman) and LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE.

The MARQUESS OF DONEGALL (left), the journalist-commentator; and CAPTAIN CAMPBELL HARRIS went on the midnight cruise of the Vintage Club.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MOST people dislike the idea of breaking a mirror. MR. HUGH SINCLAIR must be accustomed to it. He plays Sebastian, opposite to Elisabeth Bergner, in "Escape Me Never," and during the run, which ends on July 28, has had to break over 200 mirrors.

THE REV. "DICK" SHEPPARD took part in a cricket match in the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields — Ladies of Central London v. Clergymen and Churchwardens.

MISS PAMELA RIPMAN'S ballet, at the Rudolf Steiner Hall, was suitably named "Dream"; for she got her inspiration from a constantly recurring dream. She wrote the ballet when she was fifteen; she is now seventeen.

GLORIA, the mannequin, is posed with FASHION PLATE, a pony which Mr. John Waddell presented to be auctioned at Northolt by Mr. Tom Walls in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign.

MR. EDWARD SHACKLETON, son of Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, has sailed with the Oxford University Arctic Expedition to the Canadian Arctic.

THE "MOST DARING BATHING DRESS" competition at Margate produced bathing-dresses very similar to those seen on every beach in England!

THE HON. MRS. JOAN CARY, was a good ball-boy at Frinton.

MR. HUGH SINCLAIR—FOR BREAKING OVER TWO HUNDRED MIRRORS IN "ESCAPE ME NEVER" AND YET NOT DAMAGING ITS LUCK.

The REV. "DICK" SHEPPARD—FOR DEMONSTRATING MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY IN A CENTRAL LONDON CHURCHYARD CRICKET MATCH.

MISS PAMELA RIPMAN—FOR WRITING A "DREAM" BALLET AS A RESULT OF A CONSTANTLY RECURRING DREAM.

MR. EDWARD SHACKLETON—FOR EMULATING HIS FATHER BY BECOMING AN EXPLORER.

(Right) GLORIA, ONE "FASHION PLATE"—FOR BEING INTERESTED IN AN EQUINE "FASHION PLATE."

The HON. MRS. JOAN CARY—FOR ACTING AS A BALL-BOY AT FRINTON.

THESE COMPETITORS IN THE "MOST DARING BATHING-DRESS" COMPETITION—FOR THEIR NOTABLE DISCRETION.

"MISS BRUSSELS" *was elected Beauty Queen of the Belgian capital last week at the Union of Brussels fête.*

"MISS FRANCE, 1934," will compete for the title of "Miss Europe" at Hastings, where the Beauty Tournament will be held in September. She is Mlle. Simone Barillier.

"MISS SPAIN" *will uphold her country's title to beauty in the Hastings contest. She is Mlle. Eugenia Enriques Giron—and, curiously, does not look a typical Spaniard to English eyes.*

MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE *is here christening her new cabin-cruiser at Woolston, near Southampton, where the craft was launched. Miss Lawrence named her "The Grateful." She is a present from* MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, *Junior (right).*

DR. MERTON HODGE *is the author of "The Wind and the Rain," which has had over 400 performances; and the adapter of "Men in White."*

HARRY ROY *(l.) captained a team at the Finchley Cricket Club. He is here chatting to* H.H. THE RANEE OF SARAWAK *and* MISS ELIZABETH BROOKE.

"HIAWATHA" (July 23—September 10) at Scarborough. MR. HENRY GILL *as Hiawatha, and Miss Rhoda Heap as Minnehaha.*

THE SWAN, *accompanied by her* CYGNET, *felt the need of some light refreshment, so poked her beak into the refreshment bar at Ranelagh!*

MR. *and* MRS. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG, *at home at Graycombe, House, near Evesham. His new book is "This Little World."*

NEWS FACES OF THE MOMENT.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The marriage of the HON. ANTHONY PHILLIMORE, 9th Lancers, eldest son of Lord Phillimore, to MISS ANNE PEREIRA, second daughter of Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira, took place in the private chapel of Mapledurham House, near Reading.

I'VE always been brought up to believe that there are no flies on Newmarket "regulars"! This was not the case at the Second July Meeting, for the great midge plague covered us all. Even on the stands the air was thick with the little black pests. The Princess Royal was brushing dozens off her gay red and white dress, and Lord Harewood, in flannels, grumbled at their bites.

Midges, however, *are* afraid of the big black smoke, for Lord Lonsdale's famous cigar appeared to defeat them. He seemed so happily immune from their attentions that, by the middle of the afternoon, many women who seldom smoke in public followed his lead, and lit up cigarettes in self-defence.

The marriage of MISS NADINE HAMBOURG, daughter of the famous pianist, Mr. Mark Hambourg, and of the Hon. Mrs. Hambourg, to Mr. Thomas Humphrey Marshall, younger son of the late Mr. William C. Marshall and of Mrs. Marshall, is fixed for July 28.

Apart from the black flies, Newmarket was perfect. All the nicest frocks worn by the nicest people. Lots of pretty youngsters like Lady Jane Fitzroy, in pale pink, and Lady Georgina Hay, in sky blue. Miss Nefertari Bethell, whom I don't often meet racing, and Miss Lavinia Strutt, who never misses a meeting if she can help it, were also there.

People as well as midges were buzzing round Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who has been ill for months and has just returned from a cure abroad. "My dear, I've lost *stones*, and feel I look a wreck," she said to Lady Broughton; but her ideas about her appearance were all wrong. Far from looking a wreck, she was a perfect dream in a delicate rose-pink frock which exactly matched her fair complexion. She had made her first return to the social round on the night before, at the dance given by Ethel, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, her mother-in-law.

Ethel, Lady Jardine, was one of the attractive Piercy sisters, and always gives first-rate parties. The ball was for her great-niece, Lady Sylvia Maitland, and Miss Christian Jardine, only daughter of Sir Alexander Jardine of Applegirth, one of the oldest families in Scotland. All the racing people, crowds of the very young, and a good contingent of the smart grown-ups came. "We left about three," Sir "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine said at Newmarket; but he looked as fresh as can be, and extremely dapper in a thin fawn suit.

Mrs. Arthur Ellis was in luck to choose the hottest night up to date for her dance at Bedford House, for the gardens which run to the road which gives on to the river in Chiswick Mall were arranged as an al-fresco supper-room. With great faith in the continuance of the drought, she had *all* the food served out of doors, without even putting up a marquee in case of showers. It was simply lovely, and the grotto at the end of the garden, lit with Chinese lanterns, where iced beer was served from a barrel, was also highly appreciated.

The dance was for Mrs. Ellis's daughters, the Misses Winter-Rose, who possess the attractive Christian names of Comfort and Betsann; and was a "big turn-out" of débutantes, who don't seem in the least exhausted by the number of parties they have been to. Miss Jean Shaw looked particularly well. She is one of the most piquant-looking of this year's girls: dainty, pretty, and *petite*. She's a daughter of Lady Margaret Shaw and a niece of Lord Inchcape.

The marriage of CAPTAIN DAVID BRUNTON AITKEN, Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Rev. J. and Mrs. Aitken, to MISS VERA CROSSE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Mitchell Crosse, of Sunningdale, was solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

The Maugham Ball last year was one of the best of the final parties of the season. It was just as good this year, and Mrs. Syrie Maugham very wisely decided to follow the same plan, and kept the flowers in her famous white drawing-room all white, though she had white and blue ones in the next room, which is her Lisa's sitting-room. Miss Lisa Maugham is a last year's débutante, with a very individual and winsome charm. She's one of the "musts" at any successful party, and of course the guests at her own ball included a good many of the intelligentsia, as well as the immensely smart, for there are never any "marginal" guests at the Maughams'. In case you have not heard this rather terrifying term, let me explain that it means on the edge of things, either intellectually or socially!

Prince George enjoyed the cabaret turns and sat informally on the floor like the other guests to listen to Ivy St. Helier and Hermione Baddeley. Lady Jersey, in blue, was dancing with tremendous energy; Lady Plunket glittered in aquamarine sequins, and we all admired Lisa Maugham's brushed-up curls—a new style of coiffure for her. Mlle. Regis de Oliveira was there, and Lady Alington, to say nothing of Mrs. Claude Leigh, in white with red roses in her hair and rosily lacquered toenails showing through the bars of her sandal shoes.

MISS JOYCE COOPER, the famous swimmer, married MR. J. C. BABCOCK, of the London Rowing Club, at St. Peter's Church, Norbiton.

And now for some art. The daughter of one of our best-known

artists and illustrators is now holding her first show. Miss Mary Shepard's drawings and illustrations afford plenty of evidence that she has inherited something of the brilliant qualities which characterise the work of her father, Ernest H. Shepard, which is, of course, well known to readers of *The Sketch*. Mr. Shepard's illustrations to A. A. Milne's "Pooh" books have made his name a household word on both sides of the Atlantic, and his daughter looks like following in his footsteps.

I met Mr. E. V. Lucas at the private view of Miss Shepard's works at 26, South Molton Street, and he shared my enthusiasm for her renderings of animals. The spontaneity of some of these studies goes with such an evident knack of seizing the essentials in animal postures that one is reminded of Chinese and Japanese art. Miss Shepard was very lucky in her models, at least as regards the studies of rabbits. The originals were not the low kind of creature on whose morals Lord Alfred Douglas has animadverted so severely in verse, but noble creatures of the Vendée breed, raised in the South of France. Miss Shepard told me that she came across them on the delightful estate of Lady Fortescue, near Grasse.

The marriage of CAPTAIN BASIL ARTHUR JOHN PETO, King's Dragoon Guards, youngest son of Sir Basil Peto, M.P., to MISS PATRICIA GERALDINE BROWNE, youngest daughter of Mr. Gerald Browne and of Mrs. Riversdale Grenfell, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Lady Fortescue, owner of these superior rabbits, is the widow of Sir John Fortescue, the former Librarian at Windsor Castle. She finds her French neighbours quite charming, and has some celebrated English ones, too. Mary, Lady Russell, better known as "Elizabeth," of the immortal "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," is one of them.

. . .

The marriage of the COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON, M.F.H., of the Earl of Harrington's, to MR. LUKE LILLINGSTON, Master of the Atherstone, took place in London. The bride is the mother of the young Earl of Harrington, who was born in 1922.

The Russian Ballet continues to draw brilliant audiences. Even on the pre-Gala night, which I did not expect to be specially *chic*, the well-knowns gathered in their scores. Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, who are great *balletomanes*, were present, and Miss Edith Sitwell, who is rarely seen in London now, was with them. She looked extraordinarily distinguished in a long black silk cape right down to her ankles, for, of course, she always dresses in a definitely individual style.

The Marchesa Malacrida was tanned to a particularly fine brown colour. Sokolova, who must have a double interest in the ballet (did

MR. LEWIS MOTLEY, son of the late Mr. L. Motley, married MISS MARY JULIANA MILNES-GASKELL, only daughter of the late Mr. Milnes-Gaskell and of the Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell, at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand.

she not dance with them for years?), was in bright red and white checks, with a *kokoshnik*-like halo to match. Miss Leslie Burrowes, who in private life is Mrs. Leon Goossens, was another dancer present. Mrs. A. P. Herbert was with Mr. Edward Wolfe, artist and ballet habitué. Lord Hambleden talked to Lord David Cecil in the foyer; and Lady Jowitt

MR. JOHN RAYMOND QUILTER, only son of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bt., and of the Hon. Lady Quilter, is engaged to MISS MARGERY MARIANNE COOKE, daughter of Mr. Douglas Cooke, M.P. Mr. Quilter was formerly in the Grenadier Guards. He is a daring parachutist who has made a number of delayed drops and has figured in displays at the Household Brigade Flying Meeting. Further he's an expert with the bow.

was accompanied by Mr. Boris Anrep, who is doing the mosaics for the Greek Cathedral of St. Sophia, Bayswater.

As I was leaving, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Ethelbert White rush off into the darkness, with the free gait of those who wear sandals, and whose feet are not compressed by shoes, however comfortable.

. . . .

Though Covent Garden may boast about "Schwanda" and "Arabella," to say nothing of "La Cenerentola" (which has been out of commission long enough to acquire the glamour of novelty!) Londoners don't often hear a new opera. I did last week, for I went to the Royal Academy of Music for the first complete performance of Hugo Wolf's "The Corregidor," given by students of the opera class.

John Barbirolli, a former student, conducted the orchestra (which was composed of students "stiffened" with a little outside help), and got a great ovation. The whole performance was on a high level, with no amateur flavour. "The Corregidor" is based on the same story as "The Three-Cornered Hat" ballet, with de Falla music which we know so well. It is attractive, tuneful, and a good deal simpler than you might expect if you only know Wolf's songs. Sir John and Lady McEwen gave a party atmosphere to the intervals by entertaining their guests, who included Sir Landon and Lady Ronald, Roger Quilter, and Lady Snowden, in a private room.

MARIEGOLD.

FEATURED PLAYERS IN THE

BROWN JACK, Sir Harold Wernher's famous race-horse, is retiring from the Turf. He is here examining a sculptor's sketch model of himself, with Steve Donoghue up. Brown Jack has won £21,646 in stake money on the flat, and £1504 over hurdles, and has been six times victorious in the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot.

MISS SUSAN CORBETT, elder daughter of Mr. Geoffrey R. Corbett and Mrs. Corbett, of Rossferry, Enniskillen, is engaged to Mr. John Sutton Ward, The Blues, elder son of Major the Hon. Sir John and the Hon. Lady Ward.

MISS PAMELA VIOLET VANDELEUR, daughter of the late Captain A. Moore Vandeleur and of the Hon. Mrs. Algar Howard, is engaged to Mr. Lennox John Livingstone-Learmonth, R.A., only son of Brig.-General J. C. Livingstone-Learmonth.

(Left) MISS SYBIL MARY LASCELLES, daughter of the late Hon. George Lascelles and of the Hon. Mrs. Lascelles, is engaged to Mr. Humphrey Mellor Wright, R.A., second son of Mr. Hugh Wright.

(Right) MRS. GORDON VEREKER, who pilots her own aeroplane, recently flew over to Pourville for a day or two. She is talking to MR. GARDNER.

K. S. DULEEPSINHJI, the famous cricketer, who is recuperating from his serious illness, has taken up golf. He is here driving at Wentworth.

This group was taken at Admiralty House, Devonport, and shows H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES (centre) with VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ERIC FULLERTON and the HON. LADY FULLERTON and guests after a lunch given in his honour.

GAME OF LIFE.

MISS JOAN EVE, younger daughter of the late Captain W. H. Eve, and granddaughter of Mr. Justice Eve, married MR. CECIL HANBURY, son of Mr. Cecil Hanbury, M.P., and Mrs. Hanbury, of La Mortola, Ventimiglia, at St. Margaret's. It will be remembered that in March 1932 the young couple left for Gretna Green, where they planned to get married. Their parents went north by aeroplane and stopped the wedding.

MRS. TENNENT HUNTER is the wife of Mr. Wilfrid Tennent Hunter, who has been playing polo for the Ragtails' Team. The Hunters are well known in Calcutta, and are spending the season in London. This snapshot of Mrs. Hunter shows her on the roof-garden of the house they took in town.

(Right)
LADY NUTTALL is the wife of Sir E. Keith Nuttall, Bt., chairman of Edmund Nuttall, Sons and Co., a firm much concerned with the construction of the Mersey Tunnel. She is here posed with the little heir, NICHOLAS NUTTALL.

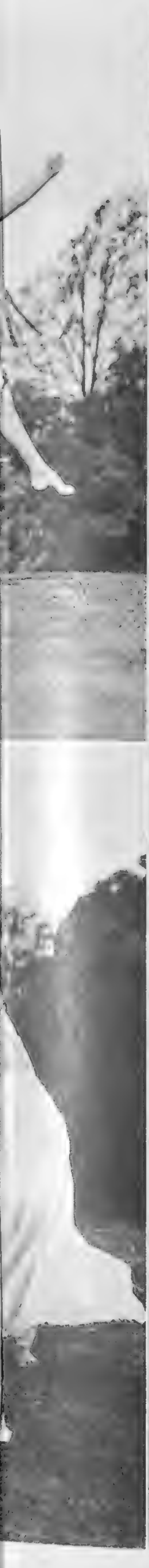
MISS AUDREY SIMPSON, eldest daughter of the late Mr. C. R. Simpson, is engaged to Mr. B. Rubin, the Australian airman.

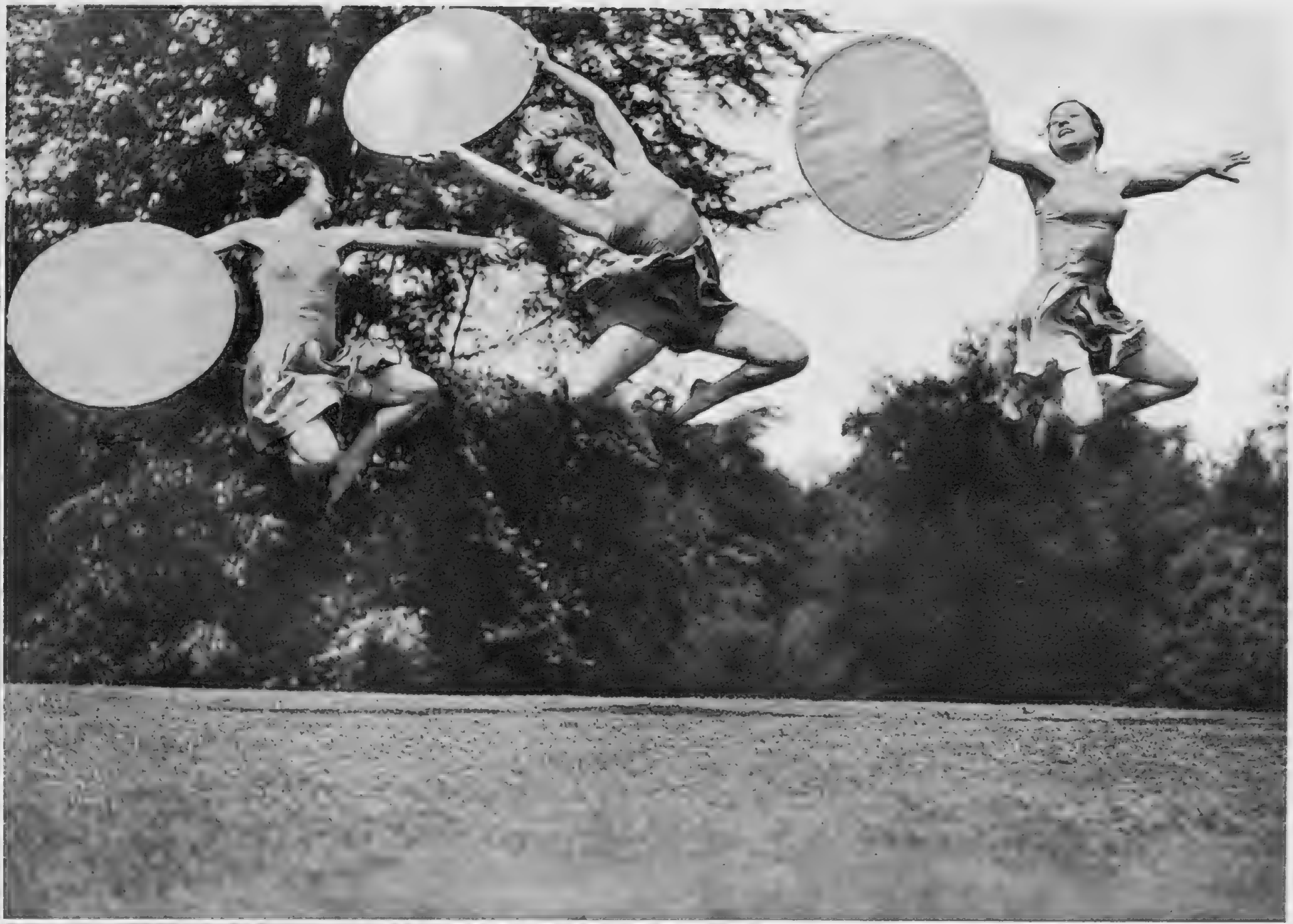
The HON. ANTHONY CHAPLIN, nephew of the Marchioness of Londonderry, is holding an exhibition of his studies of birds at Londonderry House. MRS. CHAPLIN is helping him to arrange them. She was Miss Alvilde Bridges.

The COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD, Peeress in her own right, is here posed with her white bull-terrier Jock.

THE HOLIDAY FEELING!

This is the time of year for the holiday feeling, but we cannot all express it as joyously as these Margaret Morris dancers who are springing and leaping with such exquisite grace, skill, and joie de vivre!





BLOODSTOCK SALES BUYERS AND SPECTATORS.

The HON. "GINGER" and MRS. WELLESLEY are looking over Plagiarist, a colt from Mr. A. Barclay's stud, which was bought by Major Beatty.

MR. HARVEY LEADER, the COUNTESS OF DURHAM, LADY BULLOUGH, and MRS. HARVEY LEADER are the component parts of this group taken at the Newmarket Bloodstock Sales. Lady Durham is Lady Bullough's daughter.

(Left) The HON. MRS. MACDONALD-BUCHANAN, daughter of Lord Woolavington, and MISS MACDONALD-BUCHANAN are arriving.

The HON. FRANCIS and MRS. CURZON were in conference with MRS. E. CLAYTON (centre) when this snapshot was taken.

MISS DEANE, COMMANDER H. B. WREY, ADMIRAL EARL BEATTY, and MISS McCALL are shown, from left to right. The Admiral is pointing out something of importance—probably a yearling.

(Left) MAJOR and the HON. MRS. BEATTY came together.

DON JUAN "DOUG."
MOUNTS THE HIGH HORSE.

This striking still from the London Film production, "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN," shows MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, as the wicked Don, perched on the head of an equestrian statue. MISS MERLE OBERON, who plays Pepilla, is standing looking up at the "hero." The picture, which was directed by Alexander Korda, is due at the reconditioned London Pavilion in the early autumn.

G. B. S. "COLLABORATES" WITH FROISSART AND RODIN—AND A LION.

(Right) "THE SIX OF CALAIS," *at the Open-Air Theatre, is Shaw's version of how Queen Philippa saved the Burghers of Calais from hanging. Shaw says he collaborated with Froissart, who first told the story; and with Rodin, whose sculpture inspired him.* MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY *and* MR. CHARLES CARSON *are Philippa and Edward III.*

MR. GEORGE CARR *reveals the Lion's interior by taking off his head!*

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION" is the Shavian version of the famous legend.—Androcles is pulling the thorn out of the lion's paw.

Megæra (CLARE HARRIS) and Androcles (ANDREW LEIGH) meeting the Lion (GEORGE CARR).

NISSEN'S OWN DESIGNS AND HER REALISATIONS.

1. *MISS GRETA NISSEN, the B.I.P. picture star who is appearing in person in " Why Not To-night ? " at the Palace, wears her hair in the style she calls the " NISSEN FLORAL CURL."*
2. *The " NISSEN FLORAL CURL " was designed by Miss Nissen herself. This is her original sketch, which the coiffeur was able to carry out perfectly.*
3. *MISS GRETA NISSEN does not believe in keeping to one style of hairdressing. This is the " NISSEN NECK CURL," which she wore when she was presented to the Prince of Wales at the royal première of " Red Wagon."*
4. *The " NISSEN NECK CURL " is another of Miss Greta Nissen's own hairdressing inspirations. Here is her original drawing to guide the coiffeur.*
5. *Another view of MISS GRETA NISSEN with her hair done in the " NISSEN NECK CURL." She has starred in B.I.P.'s successful pictures, " Red Wagon," " Luck of a Sailor," and " On Secret Service."*
6. *The " NISSEN COMB ROLL " is another of Greta Nissen's own hair fashions. The roll of hair is easily arranged on a circular comb, as indicated in her own sketch for the coiffure.*
7. *MISS GRETA NISSEN is particularly well suited by her own " NISSEN COMB ROLL " way of doing the hair. It is distinctive and original.*

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

By CECIL BEATON.

No. III: GRETA GARBO.

If Garbo were to leave the films, it would be a long while before I should go to a cinematograph palace again. I enjoy other actresses only by comparison with her, and, so great a fan am I, that three times I went as far as Hollywood in the hope of meeting this extraordinary phenomenon and twice I left with my ambition unachieved. Each time I heard of some further person unsuccessfully trying to meet her I paid little attention, for I was still confident that I would be an exception, and surely, since it is her job to be drawn and photographed, she would meet me in a professional capacity? But, no, Garbo is "unobtainable," "impregnable," "invulnerable"; the publicity staff have no influence over her, but they tried every means of getting her to the studio; no strings were left unpulled, no wheezes untried. My curiosity was whetted almost to hysteria; if only I could see her on the lot, or walking down a side alley, that would be something. I *must* see what she really looks like. I had asked so many people who knew her about her, and the reports were entirely conflicting. They said she was "big," naïve," "a peasant" "unkempt"; that her eyelashes were artificial, that she was rude to everybody because she was so ill with starving to get her figure down (she eats only spinach). Others threw back their eyes in ecstasy at the mere mention of her name; and then, quite by accident, I met her; and now my pen falters, for I feel she is one of the most extraordinary and heroic, certainly the most hauntingly beautiful, women I have met; and, since her distaste for publicity about her private existence is so great, for fear of offending her susceptibilities I shall curb my pen.

But surely she will not mind if I tell you what she looks like off the screen, though she will not be flattered, for she is impervious to flattery. But you have read in a hundred movie-magazines that this vamp of the screen is rather peasant-like off; that she is ungainly and un-*soignée*. Let me tell you, her beauty off the screen is infinitely intensified, of a higher standard, and to compare her on the screen and off is like comparing the work of Marland Stone — glorifier of American film-stars on the movie-magazine covers — with Leonardo da Vinci. She is magnetic, gay, tragic, sensitive, and intelligent, so that, even if she had not the most beautiful face of our time, you could not forget her; and she would make every other beauty appear cheap in comparison. But perhaps you have gleaned this from the films? Then let me tell you that there is no line on her face, that her skin is as smooth as marble, generally slightly sunburnt, an apricot, honey colour. Her hair is biscuit-coloured, of the finest spun silk, and clean and sweetly smelling as a baby's after its bath. Her nose, so delicate and sensitive that she seems to be conscious of perfumes too subtle for other people to enjoy. Her teeth are large and glistening, like pearls, and her mouth more delicately pursed than in photographs. As for her eyes, there have never been such before; no furrow or line touches them; deep-set and of an unforgettable blue, with large, dark irises, and lashes so long that it is impossible to believe that they are real (and yet they are—I will stake anything you like upon it); they are curled with tongs. Lip-stick and nail varnish are put to shame by her; she uses no make-up except upon her eyelids, and is like a Deburau, pale, tragic, ethereal, or madly gay. Her hands, though she says they are kitchenette hands, and are never manicured, are long-fingered, and Michael Angelo-esque, and she inhales cigarettes, with flamboyant gestures, in a theatrical manner, with two fingers held high. She uses her hands a lot, and, like the inborn actress that she is, is fond of quoting and reciting in ghostly voice with arms raised above her head: "A rose that lives and dies and never again returns, as red as wine, Nay, Nay!" and other such romantic snippets. She is tall, and proportioned to scale; her feet, about which Walter Winchell again proves himself wrong, are long and slender, and again like a Michael Angelo sculpture. She is agile and supple; like a tomboy fond of gymnastics, she walks on chairs, tables and beds, climbs trees and hangs from the ceiling rafters; and, as regards the dirty mackintosh we have heard so much about, her clothes make tinsel and diamanté lose their lustre, for, though they are not of the feminine, fluffy kind — in fact, she possesses no evening dress — her clothes have infinite *chic*. Her tweeds and shoes are perfectly cut, and most of the garments she wears come from the local Army and Navy store, where workmen and sailors and the like buy overalls, sweat-shirts, and all manner of garments that would inspire Schiaparelli; these Garbo adapts perfectly to her own purposes.

She loathes the films in which she has to appear in Hollywood. She despises their level, the dialogue chokes her, and she revolts against portraying the symbol of sex. She would like to play romantic parts; St. Joan, or L'Aiglon, or an Oscar Wilde character, but the director shows her the receipts for "Mata Hari," and each ensuing film, and, from his point of view, there is no reason to alter the tactics; and so she puts a good face on the whole racket; but she will not allow herself to be sullied by Hollywood, to be seduced by the tinsel and aigrettes; rather, she pities the poor wretches who are dead in mind and spirit, and the only life she lives is by herself, with her romantic books and thoughts.

Believe me, she has a deep sense of humour, a great sense of fun. She "kids" the officials with seriousness and knowingly mystifies them with her silence, but she is generally unhappy, neurasthenic, morbid, and cannot sleep; for she has become, by accident, in spite of herself, something she never wanted to be. Her chief trouble is that her life is ruined by publicity for which she has no use. Each week her fan mail is taken out to the garden and burnt, unread. She will not speak to any reporter, therefore any information that can possibly be procured is of news value. If she is seen hurrying down a side-alley she is chased for some story, and this haunts her and genuinely upsets her. She is so highly strung and nervous that she starts to cry, and will lock herself away from even the maid for days on end; and she continually shuts herself up away from everything and everybody, with the result that she cannot develop as a person. It is all very well and good to safeguard herself against the bad influences of Hollywood social life, but, alas! now Garbo has become a museum specimen, receptive to little except herself, so that, even when she takes periodical holidays, they are not real experiences for her. She is not interested in anybody or anything in particular, and, naturally, she has become as difficult as an invalid, and completely egotistic; unused to putting herself out for anyone, she would be a trying companion, continually sighing, full of tragic regrets, without making any definite move to alter her general state of affairs, and with only slight worry, listlessly returning to the rôle of an exotic spy in a second-rate film.

"Christina" was the only chance she has had to appear in any picture which she believed to be good. She was roused from her apathy, and the result was that, for the first time, we see Garbo, not as a phantom, but as a real and noble character; and, for me, this was the apex of film enjoyment.

MISS GRETA GARBO, whose incomparable beauty and talent are discussed by Mr. Cecil Beaton in the third of his "Personal Portraits of Film Stars," was born in Stockholm in 1906. She worked for a while as a clerk in a hat store, and was accidentally used as a hat model by the advertising manager. Her appearance in "ads." won her a job in an advertising film made by a Captain Ring. This was seen by a Swedish comedy director, who gave her a test, and she appeared in her first film, "Erik the Tramp," which brought her to the notice of Mauritz Stiller, the greatest director in Sweden. The Garbo's first Stiller rôle was in "The Atonement of Gosta Berling," which won her a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. She went to Hollywood in 1925, and became world-famous. Her "fans" may not all be aware that her minor accomplishments include lawn tennis. She is one of Hollywood's best players.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY CECIL BEATON.

DRAWN BY DANA.

THE GARBO—
"MAGNETIC, GAY, TRAGIC, SENSITIVE. . ."

GRETA GARBO, the third subject for our series of "Personal Portraits of Film Stars" by Cecil Beaton, is regarded by many as the world's most famous picture actress. "Queen Christina," her latest film, dealing with the life of the celebrated Christina of Sweden, broke all records, and, as Mr. Beaton says in his article on our facing page: "She is magnetic, gay, tragic, sensitive, and intelligent, so that, even if she had not the most beautiful face of our time, you could not forget her. . . ." On this page we give some sketches of the Garbo. The central head and two others on the page show her as she appeared in "Queen Christina."

" *LUPE VELEZ* " *shakes hands.*

" *MISTINGUETT.*"

" *MAE WEST.*"

A close-up of " *GRETA GARBO.*"

" *GRETA GARBO* " *as* " *Queen Christina.*"

" *GRETA GARBO* " *registering misery.*

VITTORIO PODRECCA'S musical "PICCOLI" (Little People) have now been transferred from the Fortune Theatre to the Royalty. During the past twenty years this amazing army of 1200 animated figures have appeared in all the capitals of the world. Photographs cannot convey any idea of their amazing versatility and power of expressing human emotion. Each doll has a "nervous system" comprising twenty or more thin threads which are controlled by invisible operators. No less than four miles of Scotch thread are employed during a performance at the Royalty.

" *LAUREL AND HARDY.*"

" *CHARLIE CHAPLIN.*"

" *MAURICE CHEVALIER.*"

ACTORS WITH "NERVOUS SYSTEMS" OF SCOTCH THREAD.

A picture of LOVELINESS under the SUN...

Elizabeth Arden, who solves your beauty problems the year round, has studied the effect of the sun on various types of skin, in order to tell you exactly how to protect and enhance your loveliness under the sun. As a result, no matter what kind of sun-life you prefer to lead, Elizabeth Arden has the preparation that will make it a very happy, lovely one.

There is Ardena Sunpruf Cream for those who do not want to burn

Don't burn, it isn't smart. What's more, it hurts. With Miss Arden's Sunpruf Cream, burning, peeling and the accompanying torture have become unnecessary evils. Under Sunpruf Cream the most sensitive skin will not burn. That makes this lovely preparation a positive boon to blondes. It isn't sticky or greasy and it does not show. If you want to tan a little, spread Ardena Sunpruf Cream on lightly. If you do not want to tan at all, apply it generously . . . and you won't.

Ardena Sunpruf Cream . . . 5/6 the tube

There is Velva Beauty Film to make you appear tanned and chic

This velvety paste that covers blemishes and gives you a smooth, delectable colour, is really a perfect, ready-made tan! It is indispensable with shorts for it gives the legs an exquisite finish. Select the shade you want to *look* (since Velva Film prevents tan, you can preserve your natural colour underneath it), blend the film in well. . . . And there you are — tanned just the shade you want to be. An idea! Emerge delicately pink and white in the evening after being tawnily tan all day. Everyone will wonder. . . .

Velva Beauty Film...Eggshell, Dark, Evening and Sun Tan (a new ruddy brown) . 6/6 the tube
Velva Beauty Talcum (to harmonise) . . 4/6

There is Suntan Oil...if you want a rich tan

Brunettes, whose skin, when it is made pliant and supple, can take the sun, adore Miss Arden's Suntan Oil. It prevents dryness, keeps your skin soft and smooth and helps to give you a lovely, rich, even tan. It comes in gay kidney-shaped bottles in coloured waterproof cases for the beach, at 12/6. Also in attractive bottles for the dressing table. 4/6, 7/6. Two shades—Honey and Café.

* * *

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CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

At the PALLADIUM, now in its *sixth month of craziness*, the temperature of fun rises with the thermometer. The hotter it is outside the wilder become the antics indoors. It is as if the revellers were impervious to heat and fatigue. They are like so many perpetuum mobiles; they never know when to cease, and even after the National Anthem they continue to apostrophise and tease the public, friend and stranger alike, just as in former days the boss of a Parisian Cabaret had his way with the incoming and parting guests. Nor would it be fair to make light of the efforts of the gang, headed by the inimitable Nervo and Knox, Charlie Naughton and Jimmy Gold. Behind all this tomfoolery there lurk weeks of careful planning and ceaseless rehearsing—a drill as complete as is manifested by the two dozen chorus girls dancing in metronomic exactitude. What to us seems so easy and so spontaneous has all been as strategically traced and developed as a great Show, say, at Drury Lane. There is much method in their madness; every jump, every tumble, and every somersault fits in the scheme like the fragment in a jig-saw puzzle. Only the patter and the gags are coruscating in surprising variety—a wonderful collection of fresh chestnuts and filberts readily grown and cracked. Interspersed with these high jinks are some sumptuous tableaux of brilliant colour, vivified by the lithesome dancers of the *corps de ballet*; some revue scenes, mostly—not always—with a jocular punch, and several solo turns which form, as it were, the missing links between the traditional old-world of the music-hall and the new era of amiable lunacy. Among these the three Wiere Brothers, acrobatic choregraphic clowns whose symmetric work is both wondrous and graceful; Mr. Alphonse Berg, miraculous costumier who drapes and folds a piece of silk or georgette in two minutes around the graceful figure of a mannequin so that it looks like a Paquin dress *du dernier cri*, and fits like the proverbial glove; and Mr. Fred Brezin, the Anglo-French prestidigitateur whose fairy-wand-like fingers conjure up cards from anywhere while impishly emptying the pockets of the unfortunate victims who obligingly see to it that "he plays no tricks." Through all these numbers the excellent band under the direction of Mr. Richard Crean adds to the fun on the stage with gay and lightsome music, so that during afternoon and evening there reigns in the Palladium an air of unadulterated hilarity accentuated by the ceaseless guffaws, yells, and ovations of an immense and delighted audience.

"THE SIX OF CALAIS," a play by Bernard Shaw, was produced at the Open-Air Theatre last week. Sherriffs illustrates here the mental atmosphere of Piers de Rosty (LEONARD SHEPHERD) to Kings, Queens, and Knaves.

At the Embassy Mr. Ronald Gow's latest play, "MY LADY WEARS A WHITE COCKADE," takes the stage. A play by the author of "Gallows Glorious" merits attention, and this romantic comedy on the last phase of the Young Pretender's life has quality. It tells the story of the prince who has become cynical, and satisfied to be a mere hanger-on at the Courts of Europe. But he is trapped into a conspiracy through the device of a Lady whose head is filled with romantic nonsense, but who is incapable of love. It is a pretty situation that develops with a Prince who philanders, a Lady who pledges her husband's credit for a moonlit fancy, a poet who is only a lackey, and a maid who is practical enough to see through the brittle tissue of lies. That it was not completely successful was less the fault of the players than of the projection. Mr. Charles Carson gave the right touch of buffoonery to the statesman, and Mr. Alan Webb gave a good performance as the poet. As the Lady Miss Isobel Elsom brought charm: but surely this Prince who had lived so long in the eighteenth-century Courts had been more a gallant than Mr. Oscar's portrait. And this Lady was never sincere; her world was of porcelain—but these qualities will not disclose themselves if the action strives for situation. "My Lady Wears a White Cockade" is a fragile thing, full of wit and sparkle, both in its conception and writing.

Under a flawless sky—and an almost too bountiful sun—Mr. Carroll treated us to a delightful *Open Air* programme at Regent's Park: a playlet and a play by Shaw; and a wordless fantasy on Joan (of Arc) by young Michael Martin-Harvey, about which space forbids to say more than that in its graphic historical survey it was full of imagination, and truly moving because Miss Nini Theilade's impersonation of the *Pucelle* was almost eerie in conception and performance. It should be seen again. Mr. Shaw in his delightful skit on "THE SIX OF CALAIS" is in his most rollicking, railing, satirical mood. He laughs at history (in parenthesis, also at Froissart and Rodin, his "annexed" collaborators); he laughs at the private life of the uxorious King Edward III. (magnificently played by Charles Carson in a buoyant, boisterous spirit); he laughs at the Queen (Miss Neilson-Terry) delightfully seductive in her royal splendour and full of arch humour, who pleads for the five cringeing bourgeois, but would send No. 6 to the gallows because he "ticks her off" in brutal frankness. There is more in this gay piece of sky-larking than meets the naked eye. It is a tilt at the "Superman" who changes her mood on the principle of Molière's "Souvent Femme Varie." To complete our joy there was a revival of "ANDROCLES AND THE LION," an admirable open-air play—here and there a little too long perhaps, but teeming with vitality and Shavism rich in quantity and quality. It had a cast of rare eminence: Sir Nigel Playfair; Miss Clare Harris; Andrew Leigh, an impish Androcles; Mr. Leslie French, a lofty centurion; Miss Margaretta Scott, an adorable Lavinia; Mr. Robert Atkins, incarnation of the Christian Church Militant; and last but not least, Mr. George Carr, a Lion so pawky, so suave, so fearsome, that he surpassed the histrionic Griffith Donkey by his grotesque burlesque. If you study the photographs of him on another page, you will realise something of his charm and humour!

"G. B. S.'s" play, "THE SIX OF CALAIS," at the Open-Air Theatre, sheds some light on the domestic life of Edward III. This illustration shows the great Plantagenet saying: "Am I never to have my own way?" when once more thwarted by the blandishments of the fair Queen Philippa (PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY). The play runs thus in short—She says "Nix on Six"; Edward gives way; the Black Prince (HUBERT GREGG) preaches peace.

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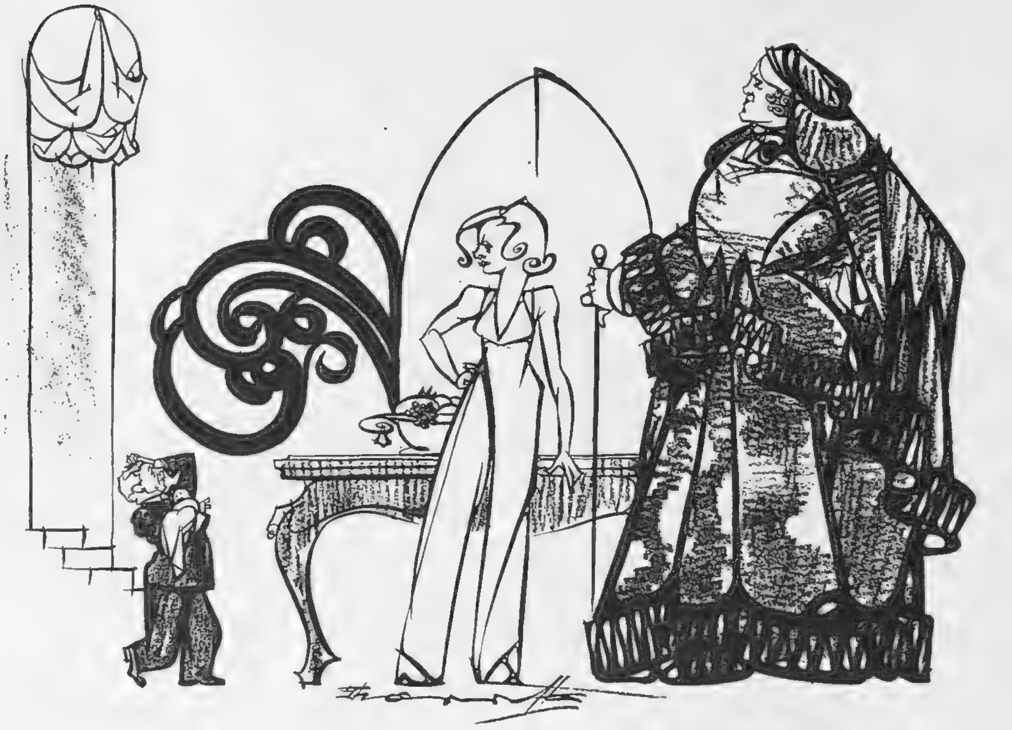
CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

A BLAZING sun in a burnished sky, the season practically over, and a whisper of waves already in our ears—no wonder that "holiday feeling" finds expression on our screens in this week's offerings! You know the sort of thing—light, popular fare, and no need for brainwork! Paramount's contribution to midsummer madness is the frankly farcical "HERE COMES THE GROOM" (Plaza), an entertaining, go-as-you-please affair all about a harmless piccolo-player who tried to be a crook to please his girl. His badly bungled attempt at burglary lands him in the railway compartment of a run-away bride, whose groom has not turned up. After that the complications defy description! The piccolo-player is forced to impersonate the elusive husband, just to make another man jealous, and, as the absentee is a famous radio crooner, our hero is constantly being besieged by the dear ladies, especially by the bride's dear Auntie, for one little song. How he obliges and how he finally retrieves Auntie's stolen pearls—yes, there is quite a spot of bother over those pearls, with a grand chase to wind up with—I must leave you to find out for yourselves. For this farrago of nonsense is well worth seeing if you are in the mood for it. It is driven along at a merry pace, it has some nice bits of comic invention, and it is well acted. Jack Haley, ludicrously helpless as the hero; Mary Boland, imparting her charm and neat sense of humour to the stock figure of the fluffy Society matron; and Patricia Ellis as an imperious heroine, enter gaily into the spirit of the frolic.

Stolen pearls figure largely in "BABY, TAKE YOUR BOW," at the Capitol, too. And so does little Shirley Temple, Hollywood's newest wonder-child. Therefore, this story of a reformed crook, whose honest endeavour to run straight is continually threatened by an officious, though singularly "dumb," detective, has its slabs of sentiment, its baby prattle, its bedtime romps with Daddy, and its Birthday Party—Shirley *must* have a Birthday Party—sandwiched between the business of tracking down the thief. It must be admitted that Shirley can act. Indeed, despite her tender age, she obviously knows a lot about her job—a trifle too obviously. But her extreme youth lends a kittenish enchantment to her tricks, and she gambols prettily enough through the picture. Its greatest asset, however, lies in Harry Lachman's humorous treatment of the main subject—the sleuthing of the pearls. He gets a great deal of fun as well as suspense out of the migration of the necklace, planted on the hero, from one hiding-place to another under the detective's nose. A scrimmage on the roof-tops, and a kidnapped Shirley pressed into service as the criminal's shield, provide the finale of this popular hot-weather mixture of laughter and melodrama, in which James Dunn, Claire Trevor, and Alan Dinehart gallantly assist the Baby in Taking her Bow.



"VINTAGE WINE," at Daly's.—Charles Popinot (SEYMOUR HICKS) is subject to that shrinking feeling on the unlooked-for apparition of Josephine Popinot (JULIA NEILSON; right), his tremendous parent. Charles has not told Mamma that the beautiful young Nina (CLAIRE LUCE; centre) is his wife, and that the wee, wee mite in his arms is the last of the Popinots. To add zest to the occasion, Charles remembers that he has told Nina that he is a mere lad of forty-five and also that . . . etc., etc.

There are comedians and comedians. Schnozzle Durante, whose latest comedy, "THE GREAT SCHNOZZLE," is to be seen at the Leicester Square Theatre, belongs to the second category, the great line of drolls and buffoons from whom even the genius of Coquelin borrowed not a little. Schnozzle, we feel, might go further back, and claim the immortal Punch as his spiritual ancestor. There is a family resemblance. It was said of Tarlton, the Elizabethan comedian, that "the people began exceeding to laugh when Tarlton but first peeped out his head"—a felicity which might easily have been written in praise of Durante. He, however, has here an obvious advantage, in that his most priceless feature, the gem of his comic equipment, has a good few seconds' start in any peep-out—but the analogy still holds good.

The film is a good-humoured mix-up which asks to be taken a little too seriously in its quieter moments, to the general detriment of the comedy, and with rather unfair effect on the performance of Marjorie Rambeau as a typical Middle-West mother of the 1925 *genre*. Stuart Erwin, as the bucolic Joe Palooka, "son of the Champ," who returns, at the instigation of Schnozzle, to the prize-fighting his dear mother deplores, gives a charming display of oafish modesty. The later scenes, when the Championship goes to his head, reveal an inconsistency of character which seems to baffle the actor. Lupe Velez undulates with all her usual elasticity, and there is a devastating portrait of the "dumbness" that cloys from Mary Carlisle. But film-goers will, rightly enough, go to see the picture for Schnozzle's sake, and they will not be disappointed.

"VINTAGE WINE," at Daly's.—Charles Popinot (SEYMOUR HICKS; left) bids good-bye. The elegant sexagenarian departs secretly from the ancestral château, which is more of a vault than a country home. Pierre (A. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT; right), an aged retainer, stands by him through thick and thin.

Revivals are in the air, as well as laughter. The Curzon Cinema is showing the delightful Viennese production, "UNFINISHED SYMPHONY," again, and those who missed this Schubertian romance earlier in the year should make a point of seeing Hans Jaray as the composer and Martha Eggert as the partner in his thwarted love-affair. The Empire has brought back two favourites from the past: "MIN AND BILL," with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery; and "PRIVATE LIVES," with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. An interesting experiment.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VIII.

The SUMMER SPORTING.

At the SUMMER SPORTING gambling now takes place on the Terrace in the open air—an entirely new idea.

MONTE CARLO BEACH

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

I FEEL on safer ground in praising the work of Miss Elizabeth Bowen than in trying to analyse it. Its merits are obvious to any eye: imagination, humour, subtlety, a gift of expression so precise and brilliant as to be almost startling. She is not exactly an easy author. The first page or two of her stories must be read with attention, or her drift may escape you: she crowds her sentences with meaning, and, like a prudent traveller, she starts off with everything she is going to need for the journey—a spectacular but bewildering array. We can scarcely guess, judging from form and colour and the author's lightly dropped hints, what each package is likely to contain: a harmless jack-in-the-box or a highly charged bomb.

There are a good many bombs in "The Cat Jumps," though they do not all go off with an equally loud bang. The title story and "The Apple Tree" are as horrible as Miss Bowen can make them. "The Disinherited" makes one's blood run cold, and "Her Table Spread," one of the best stories in the collection, leaves one profoundly uncomfortable. Many, in fact most, novelists of the present day emphasise the chaos and insecurity of life; they almost rejoice in representing it as meaningless. But they only peer over the edge into the void and shrug their shoulders. Miss Bowen is more seriously disturbed. She is unable to adopt a negative point of view; she peoples the void with disquieting — nay, alarming — phantoms. Deprived of the certainties which supported their grandfathers, her characters grope and stumble, shiver with neurasthenia, cross the border-line into insanity. Not all of them, fortunately. Maria, the odious little rich girl of Miss Bowen's one frankly funny story, knew quite well what she wanted and had the resource and unscrupulousness to get it. But most of the others suffer from paralysis or distortion of the will; they cannot find happiness, they are misfits. Some, like Geraldine, are at such a loss to know what to do with themselves that they find a perverse satisfaction in making people dislike them. Geraldine's step-grandmother treated her with solicitude, even with reverence: she was

This is a portrait of MLLE. NIKITINA, the famous dancer, by the French painter J. F. Laglenne, who had an exhibition at the Lefèvre Galleries not so long ago.

A Promising Child.

Very much guarded, very much educated, very much petted. Though the child still danced with anxious clumsiness, sang with a false little clear voice, was listless behind the pencil, nerveless upon the keyboard, heavy upon the bow; her small intellectual flame stooped and wavered; she was docile but incurious . . . while, in fact, at twelve she could still only claim the divine attribute through that shining vague look and constant abstention from effort in any direction. Nobody was encouraged to contradict Geraldine: it became penal to hurt her feelings. The Beautiful, in all possible concrete forms, was placed about her for her contemplation, till life, for her wilful fancy, became an obstacle-race.

Geraldine enjoyed pleasanter circumstances than most of her neighbours in Miss Bowen's book, but her plight is the same as theirs; she has no appetite for the fare life sets before her.

But that does not mean that she is devitalised and inert. Miss Bowen's characters are not at all like Tchehov's. As a rule, they want something, very much. Geraldine has to be content with driving her tutor into a frenzy of annoyance. The rich Miss Cuffe lacks a lover, so she invents one, to the great embarrassment of her guests at the Castle. Mrs. Archworth's chauffeur (in "The Disinherited") lets his fantasy carry him further than this: he murders his mistress because he does not like the way she repeated a certain remark. In a sense, most of the people in the book are "disinherited," cheated of their legacy of contentment, endowed instead with passions and inclinations that circumstances do not allow them to satisfy.

Miss Bowen treats them with irony and sympathy in equal measure. One of the most intelligent writers of fiction living, she realises the futility to which they are condemned by their distorted natures, but she never allows her conviction of this to infect her art or spread its enervating influence over her pages. Few of her characters receive a prize, but she sees to it that they run, and run their hardest. Her stories are tense with excitement, an emotional excitement difficult to define, though fear of the unknown plays a large part in it. They are not always "true to life." Miss Bowen cannot help endowing even the most clod-like of her characters with her own delicate perceptions and furious fancies. She sees life neither steadily nor whole; but the searchlight she turns on it reveals forms and colours no writer has ever seen before.

"Pelican Walking."

Miss G. B. Stern brings us back to the light of common day. The stories in "Pelican Walking" have plenty of variety and invention and ingenuity; but we do not feel that experience is being re-interpreted for us, only that it is being presented in a series of fresh and diverting situations. Miss Stern's gift for devising unexpected endings reminds us of O. Henry's. No one could foresee the *dénouement* of "Quiet Corner" or "The 1865" or "A Nectarine Life." Miss Stern knows exactly how long to keep her secrets, and when they are let out we wonder why we had never guessed them. She takes her characters from many walks of life: authors, actors, financial magnates, wine-fanciers, humanitarians, governesses, nurses appear in her pages, and are all perfectly at home there. But we are not interested so much in them as in what is going to happen to them. What kind of answer will the narrator get from "Ferdinand Moore"? How will his creditors respond to Bartholomew Bassett's generous but unconventional offer? Miss Stern states these problems, and her characters, perhaps too obediently, but nearly always convincingly, supply her with the answer. We never forget, in "The Pelican Walking," that we are reading about people in a book, people who have no existence apart from the situation in which the author places them; but her wide knowledge of human nature renders them credible, her kindly tolerance makes them likable, and her unfailing sense of drama makes them interesting. "Pelican Walking" is an entertaining and delightful book, even if it does not quite reveal the scope of its author's powers.

The first prize in the "BATHING COSTUME OF FLOWERS" competition at Nervi, on the Italian Riviera, was won by SIGNORINA RINA PINALDI, who appeared in this lovely costume of 112 marguerites and three immense purple dahlias. So lovely did she look that she got an offer from an Italian film company to appear in their next picture.

"The Arcadians."

Miss Mary Baker calls "The Arcadians" a satire, and a satire I suppose it is, for she is thoroughly disillusioned about the little group of worldlings who flit so harmlessly and gaily between London, country-house parties, and Venice.

"How I love us!" exclaimed Peter, "we *are* so attractive."

"We're my favourite people," asserted Daphne.

Miss Baker would not subscribe to Peter and Daphne's outburst of self-praise; she has a keen eye for the weaknesses of her butterflies. But she feels no *sæva indignatio* against them; she has no wish to break them on the wheel. She records their frivolous conversations, chronicles their transient, much-canvassed love-affairs, in the spirit of an entomologist, too skilful to let his prey escape him, too kindly not to let it go when caught. And this is the right treatment, for any rough handling would rub the brightness from the insect's wings.

Censoriousness and priggishness are as remote from Miss Baker's mind as they were from Ronald Firbanks', with whose work hers has much in common: lightness of touch, delicacy of perception, fantasy, charm. Her

[Continued on page VIII.

FASTEST ON EARTH

WORLD'S FASTEST LAND SPEED

WORLD'S FASTEST AIR RACE

WORLD'S FASTEST 'BABY' CAR

BRITAIN'S FASTEST TRACK RACE

BRITAIN'S FASTEST ROAD RACE

Pratts Ethyl is the finest and purest petrol procurable, *supercharged* with the original red Ethyl fluid which makes it the fastest petrol on earth—and best on hills. The fastest petrol must be the best petrol because it obviously gets the best results out of the engine, yet Pratts Ethyl now costs no more than ordinary petrol.

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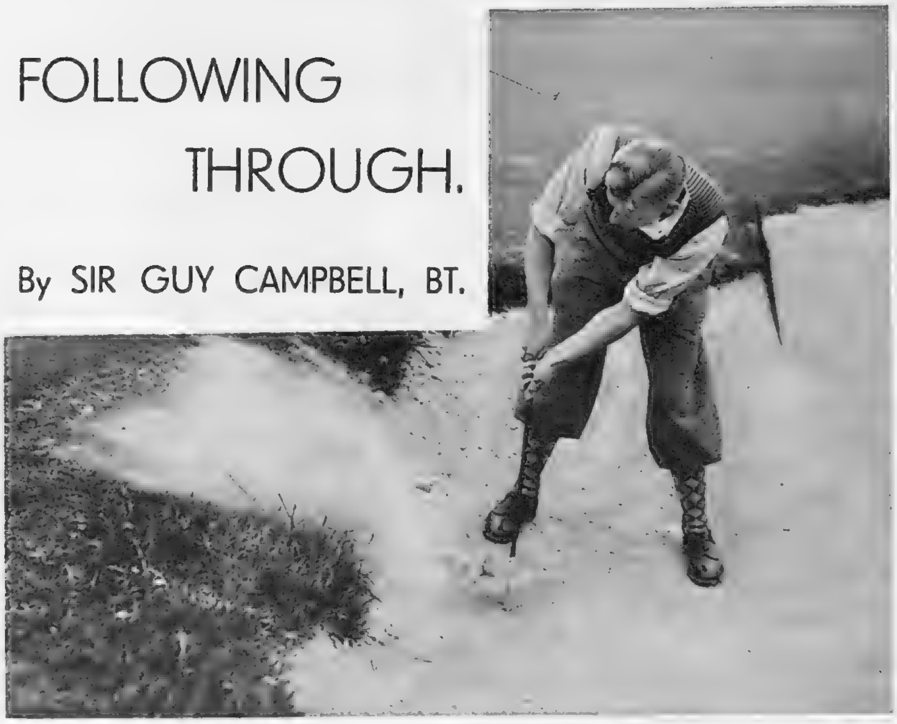
FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.



Some members of the Australian Test team had a round of golf, just for a change, at the Sicklehome Golf Club, Derbyshire. BARNETT, the reserve Australian wicket-keeper, has just played out of a bunker. The fourth Test Match has just finished at Leeds.

As I grow older and stiffer, and in some respects more disillusioned about the game of golf, I find my interest growing in the academic rather than the active side of the pastime, and its history, literature—this cuts out seventy-five per cent. of what is written about it—with the influence it has in trade and human intercourse, appeal to me more than who beats whom in this or that important event, and the mere setting up of records. And in riding this bent on a loose rein I realise I have devoted a deal of space during the last few years to the remarkable manner in which golf is spreading through foreign countries. Yet all this time it has been spreading just as rapidly, just as widely, and with a significance just as marked, in the British Empire.

The "Lucifer" Society.

And for once the Mother Country has taken a right and worthy part in a movement of far-reaching importance, thanks to the vision and enterprise of the "Lucifer" Golfing Society. The "Lucifer" Golfing Society was started after the war by the late Sir Hedley Le Bas and a little company of his personal friends, all men of standing and repute in the City of London. Its original object was to establish in the City an organisation similar to the Match Club. Sir Hedley asked Stuart Paton to "put him wise" as to the lines upon which the Match Club was conducted, and with the despatch one would expect, Sir Hedley and his friends formed their Society, since when it has gone from strength to strength.

Early Beginnings and Later Progress.

At first, if my memory serves, the activities of the "Lucifer" Society were similar to those of the parent club, and periodical dinners were held at which matches were made—chiefly foursomes — when the principals and their friends wagered as their fancies dictated. Later, team matches were played against other clubs and societies, and then one day the Great Idea was born. In following their lawful occasions, members of the "Lucifer" Society travelled abroad through the Empire, and wherever they went, whether Dominion, Commonwealth Union, or Crown Colony, they were received and treated with wonderful hospitality. Thereafter, as I imagine it, at some dinner or committee meeting, the travellers recounted their experiences, and the wish was expressed that the "Society" should in its turn give a welcome to Empire golfers from overseas. And so, seven years ago, the first "Lucifer" meeting was held at Walton Heath at the invitation of Lord Riddell, for Empire golfers visiting the Mother Country or temporarily residing in it. That first meeting, with its initiatory dinner, was an instant success, and at once became an institution that increased in popularity year by year. This year there was a record entry—so big that qualifying rounds had to be played at Stoke Poges, Moor Park, and Oxhey, with the final stage covering two days and employing both the Old and New Courses at Walton Heath.

The "Lucifer" Trophy.

Both in the qualifying and final stages of the meeting in which Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India were all represented, the golf was remarkably good. In the final, one Australian supplied the leaders on the first day on both the Old and New Courses at Walton Heath. On the Old Course, H. A. Parker, of the Kensington Club, New South Wales, with a handicap of 18, was four up on bogey, and L. F. Dowling (16) of the Royal Sydney Club, New South Wales, was three up. Eventually, Parker won the "Lucifer" Trophy with three up for the thirty-six holes. Canada supplied the runner-up, for B. Bresney Higgins, of the Summit Golf Club, Toronto, followed with a return of one up, and F. C. Woodbridge (Natal) and J. N. Miller (Australia Golf Club, Sydney) came next, each with one down. Bresney Higgins deservedly won the second prize—the Cup given by the High Commissioners for the Dominions and Colonies in London.

Good Figures.

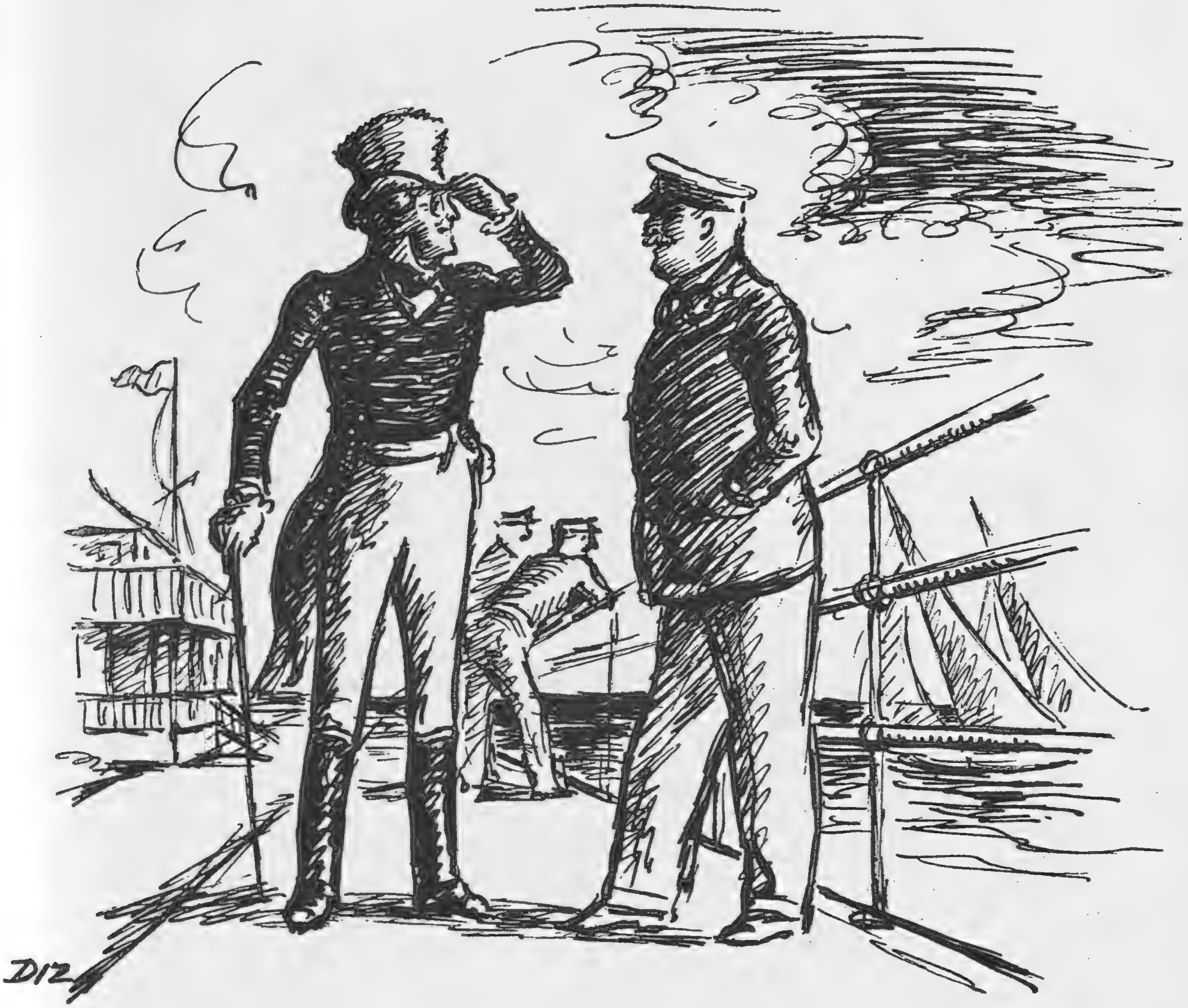
In the qualifying rounds, A. N. Laver (Royal Calcutta) won at Stoke Poges with a return of 82—15=67, after a tie with J. F. Eltor, of the same club, whose card read 73 — 6 = 67. These figures were good enough, but paled beside Parker's performance over the same course. His figures were 76 — 18 = 58 — threes at all four short holes and fours at the fourth, fifth, and sixth, each one well over 400 yards in length. Luckily for Laver, Parker, by winning at Walton Heath, was ineligible for the qualifying prize. Parker is an outstanding example of the good ball-game player, for at lawn tennis he has won every State Championship in Australia, and in 1909 he reached the final round of the Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon, partnering S. N. Doust. At Moor Park, Major J. F. Bowerman won the qualifying round with 88 — 18 = 70, and at Oxhey, G. M. Webb was successful with 86 — 16 = 70, clear cases of playing bang up to one's handicap.

A Memorable Dinner.

The Prince of Wales, as Captain of the "Lucifer" Society, officiated at the Annual Dinner, which made a wonderful gathering. It would take far too much space to give even those at the High Table, but that it was thoroughly representative of the Empire and the game there was no shadow of doubt, for the Prince had the following among many more to support him: Sir John Maffey, Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, the Rt. Hon. Stanley Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, the Hon. Sir James Parr, High Commissioner for New Zealand, the Hon. Sir Bhupendra Mitra, High Commissioner for India, the Hon. J. W. Downie, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, Sir Arnold Hodson, Governor of Sierra Leone, Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor-designate Straits Settlements, Sir Bernard Bourdillon, Governor of Uganda, Sir Ernley Blackwell, Captain of the Royal and Ancient; James Braid, J. H. Taylor, Alexander Herd, and Sydney Brews. Long may the light of the "Lucifer" Society shine to such good purpose!

W. H. DAVIES (Wallasey) led in the first two days of the Irish Open Golf Championship at Portmarnock with scores of 71 and 72=143. After the fireworks of the Open Championship, this perhaps seemed a little quiet, but meant good golf all the same! Easterbrook (Knowle) was second at the end of the second day with 72 and 73=145.

He said to me — why is Endeavour like Johnnie Walker . . ?



I said to him — because it has such enormous sails, I suppose . . !

BORN 1820 . . . STILL GOING STRONG . . !

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"NOT but what it 's a rotten system. I 've made money out of it—"

"Lucky devil!"

"And you 've made ten times more than I have——"

"Then that obviously justifies the system. Still, you may be right. By giving options to the original subscribers, you rather hold the door open for them to collar very handsome profits at the expense of other people."

"The other people need not buy those shares," observed Our Stroller.

"True for you. But you know what it is: if there 's a chance of making a bit, you like to be in it, and to feel that you 're being given a sporting run for your money."'

"What is the particular grievance?" asked Our Stroller.

The broker picked up a small ivory elephant that paper-weighted his letters and toyed with it in absent-minded manner.

"The general grievance," he replied, "is the way in which people with tons of money are always trying to make tons more."

"Can't blame them for that," commented his partner.

"And the particular cause for complaint is that the system of attaching options to new issues of shares is likely to benefit the few at the expense of the many, and of the companies themselves."

"That remains to be proved, don't you think?"

"No, I don't; because you can deal in its options soon after a new company is launched. As a rule you can, anyway."

"The South African Government seems to have an inkling of the principle being likely to turn out disadvantageously to itself in the case of Kaffir companies."

"Was Stock Exchange business more profitable at that time?"

"My dear fellow, we don't gas about this in public, but it 's a fact that the Stock Exchange has had the record time in its history in the three months that finished with last June."

"You mean that members have made more money than ever before?"

"No, I don't. Anything but, speaking personally. I mean that the Stock Exchange itself, as a company, has earned record profits for the first quarter of its financial year."

"Due," said the partner, "to entrance-fees, subscriptions, rents, and things of that kind."

"And yet the Managers won't provide us with a swimming-pool," declared another member. "I don't know where they would put it, but we ought to have one, I 'm sure."

"No swimming-pools in here," rejoined another man decisively. "Too reminiscent of liquidation."

"Forget it; wipe it off the tablets of your memory. Liquidation happens only when markets are flat and people get the wind up over having too much stock open. And our markets are in better condition to-day than we 've seen them for years."

"Don't you be too confident, young fellow. We 've had bolts from the blue before."

"Don't you run your bears too long," the other advised him.

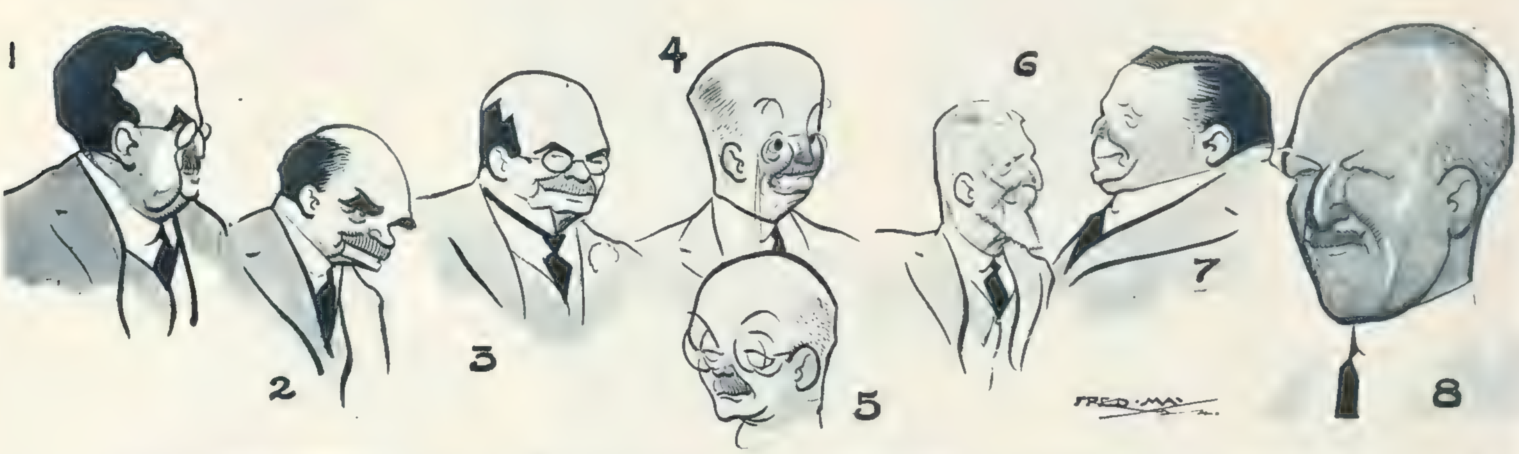
"One of the best investments I ever made," a jobber put in, "was selling a bear of Steel Common. I received the contango-interest every fortnight, and the price fell almost continuously. Made money out of that, I did."

"I never heard a bear-sale called an investment," Our Stroller challenged.

"Present-day markets are not much use to the bears," remarked his broker. "You can buy almost anything you fancy."

"'And a bit of what you fancy does you good,'" added another. "She was a dear old thing, wasn't she—Marie Lloyd?"

They fell to talking of the artistes of the present day. One of his clients had just signed a contract, said the broker, for thirty-two thousand pounds with a film company.



The A.A., which represents over half-a-million motorists, held its annual meeting and luncheon last week. Fred May, of course, attended, and the result of his reflections on motor magnates is shown above. (1) Alderman A. E. Cave, J.P., is Secretary to many motor organisations affiliated with the A.A. The following are on the Committee: (2) Mr. C. H. Dodd. (3) Mr. A. King-Hamilton. (4) Mr. Charles McWhirter, the Chairman. (5) Dr. J. L. Lock, M.A. (6) Mr. P. A. Sharman. (7) Sir James Adam, C.B.E., K.C. (8) Sir Stenson Cooke is the Secretary.

"That 's just it. I 'm not up against an individual case——"

"Having made money out of individual cases."

"And, I 'm ready to admit, hoping to make more. Until the principle is officially recognised as pernicious."

"I don't see what you 're driving at," Our Stroller confessed. "You have made money, and hope to make more, on the one hand——"

"With both hands, for choice."

"—and on the other, you 're complaining about the system as being pernicious. Where does the grouse come in?"

"Ask me on The Twelfth of next month. No, my lad. I am inconsistent only from the detached point of view of the public's interest. Or, to put it more bluntly, I think some people are too greedy. If—— Excuse me a second."

He picked up the telephone microphone.

"Yes, that 's me. How goes it? . . . Neither are we. . . . Oh, quiet to dull, you know. . . . By and by; perhaps not just yet. . . . Oh, yes, but they won't. . . . Too much of the dirt-track business about the market. . . . Right, Sir; I will keep on the limit. Bye-bye."

"Pal of mine in Mincing Lane," he explained, replacing the telephone. "He says they are not doing an awful lot. Wants to buy Home Rails, but maintains that the older generation of directors ought to retire. They won't, of course."

"What was the dirt-track business you mentioned, if I may ask without seeming to be ultra-curious."

"You can't do that. But he was saying that the Kaffir Market has too many things nowadays which are no more than prospects. Everything lies in the future."

"So long as everyone doesn't prevaricate in the present, what does it matter? Most of us are ready enough to have a gamble, provided it 's a good one."

"I find it jolly difficult to distinguish between dirt-track stuff and companies with a reasonably good hope of turning out well. Coming over?"

They strolled across to the House, and, in Shorter's Court, stopped to notice the rebuilding which, in the course of a year or so, will give the Stock Exchange a badly-needed extension of office space.

"How many members of the House are there?" asked Our Stroller idly.

"Just about four thousand. 'Maximum'? Oh, that was about five thousand five hundred; before the war."

"Of course, that 's the proper way to make money. It 's even better than getting options for nothing, or scratching about here for a profit of twelve pounds ten, or a loss of three times as much."

"Holders of Ashanti Goldfields have done marvellously well. And that 's only one company which has made a huge percentage of profit for its shareholders during the past two years."

"There 's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," replied a jobber to Our Stroller's wonder whether such things were possible to-day.

"The Goldfish are hard to hook, all the same."

"No harder than they were two years ago. Good judgment and good luck and good information are as valuable to-day as they were in 'Thirty-Two."

"Especially good luck. How about gold shares? Supposing the price of gold should fall?"

"You might as well have said the same thing two years ago. One must be prepared to run business risks. And for people who ought not to take chances with their money, mining shares of any kind are to be avoided like the devil."

"What I notice," said Our Stroller, "is that people are definitely spending more money instead of saving it up."

"It 's the sensible thing to do, now that money brings in such a small return. You get better dividends from buying things that give you solid use, or more pleasure or greater comfort, than from gilt-edged stocks that return some tiny yield."

"I 've heard you say the same thing before, but lots of folks are talking like that. If they put it into practice, a good many trades must feel the benefit."

"They do. The profits that people have made this year are being spent, or they 're going to be spent, by holiday-makers in what they want. We mean to get something tangible out of the rise. As a matter of deliberate policy, mark you."

"What are you going to convert your options into?" Our Stroller asked. "Shares or——"

"Four wheels and a spare or two; a chassis, a clanjamborie of machinery, and a hooter."

"I suppose a body and a bonnet will go with the other things?"

"She probably will," replied the broker pensively.

Friday, July 20, 1934.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

For Cowes—a suit in white check-weave hopsack with a short-sleeved white wool jumper with a wide fall-over collar. The loose coat has four patch pockets, the upper two trimmed with anchors, and there are two little pockets beneath the flaps on the sleeves. This model costs 9½ guineas and comes from the Coat and Ensemble Department at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

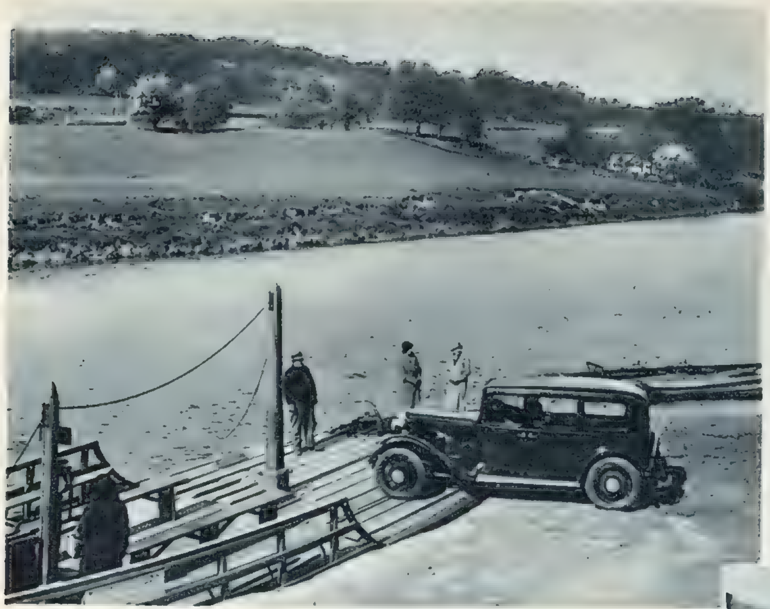
The woman who helps to sail her own craft wears trousers and a sensible sweater. The slacks on the right are tailored like a man's and are made in blue or grey worsted flannel. They come from Jaeger, of 352, Oxford Street, W., and cost 32s. 6d., while the price of the white-ribbed sweater is 29s. 6d. This is a very heavy one, but there are others, lighter in weight and slightly different in design.

IMPORTANT DETAILS IN SEA AND SUN SUITS

The gayest of plaid wool shorts in red, white, and green are worn with a red wool jersey jumper in the picture above. This is a play suit which costs 55s. 9d. at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, and has a very pleasantly practical air.

This is a sun-suit for those who have become acclimatised or have had the foresight to indulge in a good protecting cream or lotion! It consists of close-fitting green and white knit trunks and a brassière, and it costs 23s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols.

High-necked swim-suits are new and very practical. The girl who is lying on her bare back is wearing one in heavy ribbed wool, while her companion wears a suit with lighter-toned shoulder-straps, and a pair of white corduroy knit shorts, admirably shaped. The third member of the party has chosen a mustard-yellow fine wool tunic suit with a double knot on the corsage, separate close-fitting trunks, and a loose brown and yellow coat. These all come from Fortnum and Mason.



Quiet flows the Severn while an AUSTIN "SIXTEEN" embarks on the ferry at Arley, a sleepy hamlet on the banks of that lovely English river.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

PEOPLE are just beginning to wake up to the fact that the reduction in tax of 25 per cent., by which motorists will benefit from next January on, has resulted in a recrudescence of activity among concessionaires of American cars in this country. The promised reduction in the horse-power tax has started people thinking once more about high-powered cars, and as the U.S.A. factories turn out a greater proportion of inexpensive vehicles of this type, they are looking forward to one of the best years of trading with Britain that they have had for some time.

The Customs duty does not prove so great a bar as is generally thought, because almost all the vehicles concerned are largely built in Canada, and these are only taxed with an import duty of 25 per cent., instead of the usual 33⅓ per cent.

At the same time it is the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that cars of Transatlantic manufacture are the only ones available for the "Big-Car Man" who does not want to spend too much money. The "V-8" Ford, for instance, built at Dagenham, in Essex, can now definitely be called a British car. At the present moment, it is true, it is taxed at £30. But from next January onwards, it will be taxed at only £22 10s. Together with the amazing price reduction recently announced, this makes the "V-8" Ford, with its sensational performance, its comfort and finish, one of the most attractive productions on the British market.

THE FORD "V-8" SALOON DE LUXE is a good-looking motor carriage with four doors. It is priced at £280, and is a car with a sensational performance.

In the higher-priced category comes the Humber "Snipe." This has all the flashing acceleration and hill-climbing power that one associates with a typical American production, plus the splendid road-holding and safety-first characteristics that are features of the best European automobiles.

There has been a certain amount of talk anent the features which American cars as a whole already possess, and which are not, so far, incorporated by many British manufacturers. The Humber "Snipe," however, has all the essential mechanical features that characterise the new American models, and in many respects goes a stage further. For instance, it has a thermostatic choke control which gives a perfect starting mixture, whether the thermometer is several degrees below freezing-point or soaring above "blood heat."

It also has a most ingenious addition to the thermostatic control of the cooling system. There is, of course, the usual thermostat which closes the radiator shutters as the water cools, and which keeps them closed or partly closed until it has properly warmed up. In other words, the degree of cooling is always regulated automatically so as to keep the engine at the most efficient running temperature. Up till now, however, such shutters have had one serious snag as compared with the older, hand-controlled types. If you park the car on a cold day, perhaps facing the wind, the water in the radiator is cooled before the shutters begin to close. You are, in effect, closing the stable door after the horse has fled.

On the "Snipe," however, there is an ingenious "master-control," operated by the oil-pressure in the engine. The moment the pressure drops, owing to the ignition being switched off, the shutters close with a snap, thus retaining under the bonnet the much-needed warmth of the water in the cooling system. As soon as the engine is started up, the oil control operates once more, and frees the shutters to be controlled in the ordinary way by the thermostat.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, during his visit to the HUMBER - HILLMAN factory at Coventry the other day, saw a 1901 HUMBER alongside the 33,500th HILLMAN "MINX" just off the assembly-line. This well-contrasted pair of young and old cars is being pointed out to H.R.H. by MR. W. E. ROOTES.

In regard to streamlining, we are, perhaps, a little behind the Americans in regard to mass-produced coachwork, although some of our best coach-builders have turned out some streamlined coachwork for high-class cars like the Bentley and the Rolls-Royce that are as graceful as they are practical. Only the Singer Car Company has so far had the pluck to turn out a standardised streamlined saloon.

Personally, I have been an advocate of completely streamlined cars for many years, but we are a conservative race, and I do not think that a manufacturer who suddenly went the whole hog in streamlining would necessarily reap the reward of seeing his sales curve rise sensationally. By the time the next Olympia Show comes round we may have got a stage further, and I should not be surprised to see some well streamlined standard productions. But in the meanwhile, there are not sufficient motorists in this country who are attracted by the very marked change in American body design that has manifested itself during the last few months.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

AS DEPENDABLE AS AN AUSTIN

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READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH

The Colonel doesn't say much on any subject—but what he says is sound. On the subject of cars he is terse, and to the point. "What you want, my lad, is a car that's dependable—a sound investment—an Austin. Let those who like have their supercharged this or that. *You* want a car that will never let you down; one that's light on the pocket. You can't go wrong on an Austin." The Colonel, of course, may be rather emphatic. But he's reason to be. He's had an Austin for five years, you see. This year, too, he is able to point out the many Austin improvements to reinforce his argument. Synchromesh gears, cross-braced frames, engine insulation by rubber, traffic indicators, new, more efficient brakes, adjustable rear seats, not to mention sliding roofs, wind deflectors and a dozen or more refinements which would have cost a tidy sum five years ago when he first "invested." It's hard to believe that these new cars cost less than his old one. But they do. The Colonel's advice is sound—*why not act on it?*

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

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The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street London London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXIII.

TO BID OR NOT TO BID!

SPADES—A, Kn, 6.
HEARTS—Kn.
CLUBS—A, Q, 10, 6.
DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9, 7, 3.
B

Y		Z
SPADES—K, 9, 7, 2.		SPADES—8, 5, 3.
HEARTS—K, 9, 8, 7.		HEARTS—5, 4, 2.
CLUBS—Kn.		CLUBS—9, 7, 4, 3, 2.
DIAMONDS—A, K, 6, 4.		DIAMONDS—8, 5.

A
SPADES—Q, 10, 4.
HEARTS—A, Q, 10, 6, 3.
CLUBS—K, 8, 5.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 2.

This hand was given in an evening paper the other day, the question being, what should Y do when A opens the bidding with one heart? Here is a typical contract situation of more interest than might be supposed. The writer of the article deals with it in a very clear and common-sense way. He points out that most Ys would either double or bid one no-trump. (In my experience, ninety per cent. of Ys would double!). It gives me no little satisfaction to say that the author rules out this double, and gives it as his definite opinion that Y should pass! Of course he should. The reasons given, in short, are these: if Z has something to say, then Y can get busy on the next round; if he can't bid, and AB get into a high contract, then this hand of Y's will be rather a trial to them; but if Y bids and finds partner with a "bust," then he may be sandwiched between two strong hands and come a severe cropper. And this is exactly what did happen. Y bid one no-trump, B doubled, Z had a complete "bust," and YZ went down 2000. This, of course, was hard lines, but still, and without going at all by results, Y should have passed.

I would like to add yet another reason to those given for passing on this hand. Should A hold the play of the hand, Y has a perfect opening lead—the king of diamonds. But now suppose Y held B's cards, then he has an impossible opening—a guessing affair—probably his best guess would be his single trump. Therefore, on B's holding, Y should bid against A's heart. It is true that if A still holds the play Y is none the better off, but if the play should go to B, then a lead has been indicated, and if by chance Y himself gets the play of the hand, the lead comes up to him. The reasons for not making a bid, as given above, still hold good, but in my opinion they are set off by the advantage of making a bid from a hand that offers no sound opening lead.

Suppose you find Spades A, x, x; Hearts A, x, x; Clubs Q, Kn, 10, x; and Diamonds Q, x, x: pass a spade or heart opening bid on the right—the queen of clubs is a perfectly good lead. But if instead you find Spades A, x, x; Hearts A, x, x; Clubs K, 10, 9, x; Diamonds Q, x, x; or Spades A, x, x; Hearts x, x; Clubs A, Q, x, x, x; and Diamonds Q, x, x; now bid, because if left on lead you will be in a difficulty. Consider well, therefore, whether your hand is good to lead from or not, and add this as a deciding factor to your defensive bidding decisions.

Solution of the double-dummy problem in our issue of July 11—

SPADES—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7.
HEARTS—Kn, 9, 8, 7, 6.
CLUBS—10, 4.
DIAMONDS—Kn.
B

Y		Z
SPADES—K, Q, 6, 5, 4.		SPADES—3.
HEARTS—K, Q, 5, 4, 2.		HEARTS—10, 3.
CLUBS—5.		CLUBS—K, Kn, 9, 8, 7, 6.
DIAMONDS—7, 6.		DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9, 8.

A
SPADES—A, 2.
HEARTS—A.
CLUBS—A, Q, 3, 2.
DIAMONDS—A, K, 5, 4, 3, 2.

At no-trumps, Y leads the four of spades. AB to make nine tricks against any defence.

Here A made the odd. It is difficult to see how he can make more in actual play, but at double dummy there is certain game, which proves what funny things cards are and how futile it is to "count" a hand to a "point." Although B can hold trick one, A must win with the ace of spades. He then plays away his four winning cards and follows with the two of spades. Y now makes king, queen of both spades and hearts, but B wins the rest.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE JULY 18.

ACROSS.—7. Greenwich. 8. Ripon. 10. Schiller. 11. Bigamy. 12. Otto. 13. Eastward. 16. Wits. 18. Cellist. 20. Tidying. 22. Coin. 24. Straight. 26. Tove. 29. Wether. 30. Overlook. 31. Canny. 32. Saxifrage.

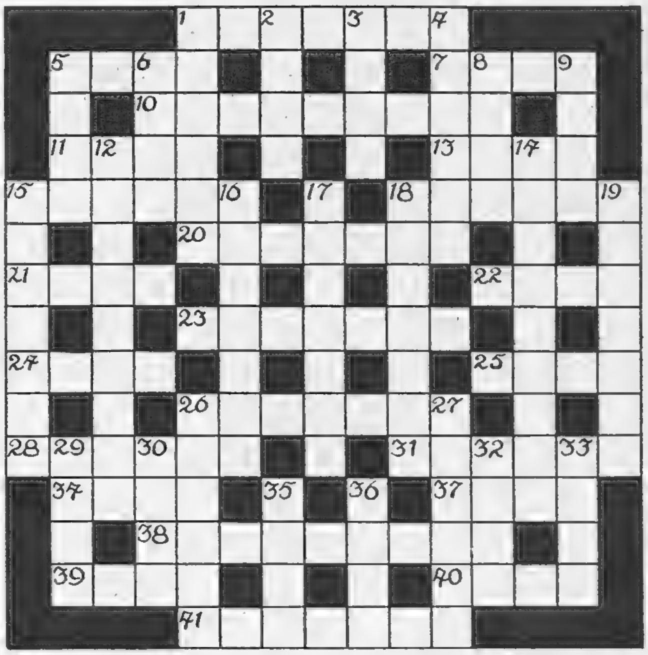
DOWN.—1. Tract. 2. Desist. 3. Swallows. 4. Scarlet. 5. Kingsway. 6. Cormorant. 9. Ibis. 14. Asti. 15. Gentleman. 17. Itch. 19. Loathing. 21. Intrepid. 23. Ottoman. 25. Garb. 27. Velure. 28. Volga.

MISS NORMAN, 51a, Holland Park, W.11, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of July 11 to be first opened on Monday morning, July 16. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Not one word.
5. A game where you go to pot.
7. Indicates that an answer is wanted.
10. A rodent that seems to tell a former animal that it is wasting away.
11. A little look from either side.
13. Comfort free from disease.
15. A herb for sauces.
18. Where you might find a stern father at times.
20. Taverns (anag.).
21. Lying, surely.
22. Song in variations.
23. You might get annoyed with such a pain-killer.
24. Proverbially sure.
25. Has a tongue, and may squeak.
26. If you want a change from neat gin, try this plant.
28. One thing you can't do quickly.
31. Seal that sounds birdlike.
34. Presently.
37. Iron bars do not make it, said the poet Lovelace.
38. Eat tigers if you want to alter hair decoration.
39. The form of dilution many prefer.
40. Foreign watering-places.
41. It's to fasten a shoe, but it sounds like what to do to a door.



DOWN.

1. On the decline.
2. A chip of the old block?
3. You get it in the neck.
4. Name for a sincere man.
5. There are two kinds for the shepherd's mouth.
6. This is never shut.
8. If you've a country one, you are landed in one sense.
9. Goes out to sea.
12. It requires a host to do this.
14. Thorough with a couple of features inside.
15. How a ruffle might look if wrongly arranged.
16. Hero? No, you couldn't so dub this channel-swimmer.
17. With this, no doubt, you'd take a cheque for a thousand.
18. The proverbial liar.
19. Are in the nest.
26. What Ealing people could so easily become.
27. Insect (anag.).
29. Not usually wanted in a motor-boat.
30. "Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which, like the ———, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head" ("As You Like It").
32. What I should do in a dust-storm.
33. Long and slippery.
35. You'd credit Sandy with this excellent quality!
36. A restless hankering.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, July 30, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the bottom of this page,) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

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Address ____________________

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(See above.) 25/7/34.

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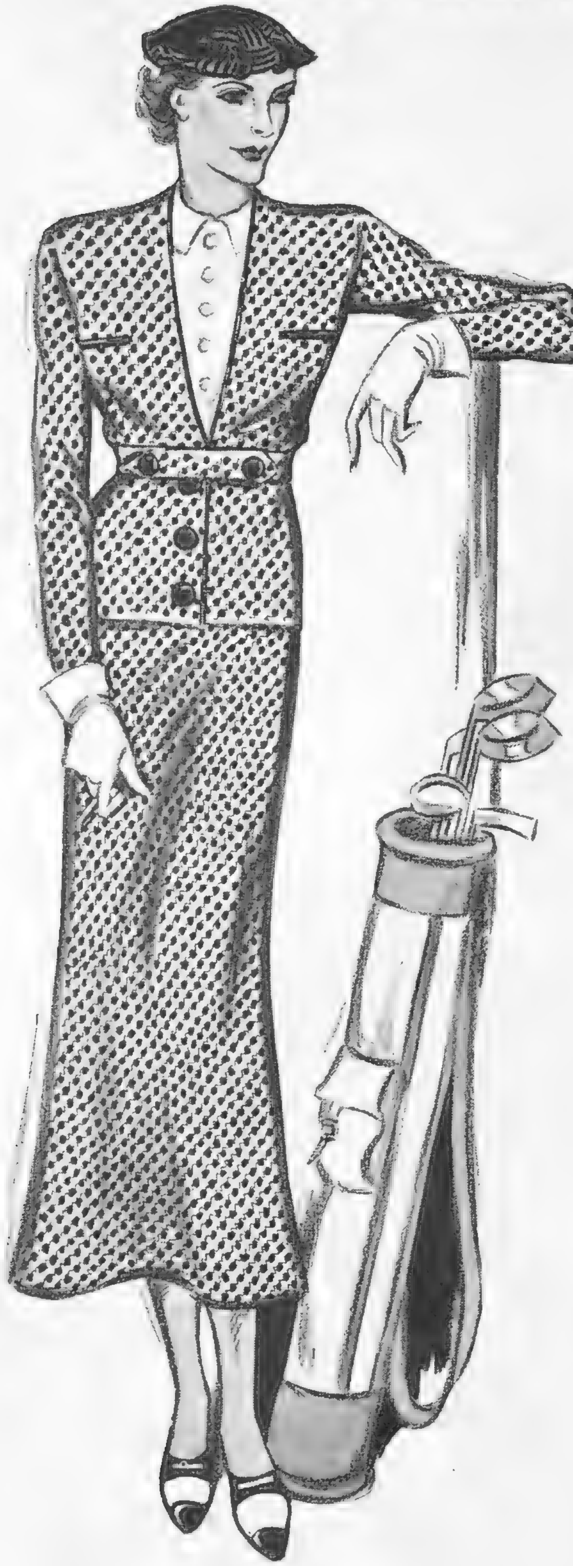

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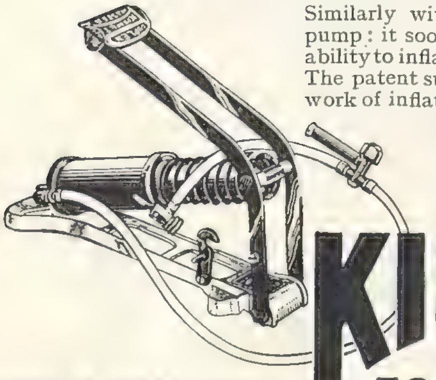

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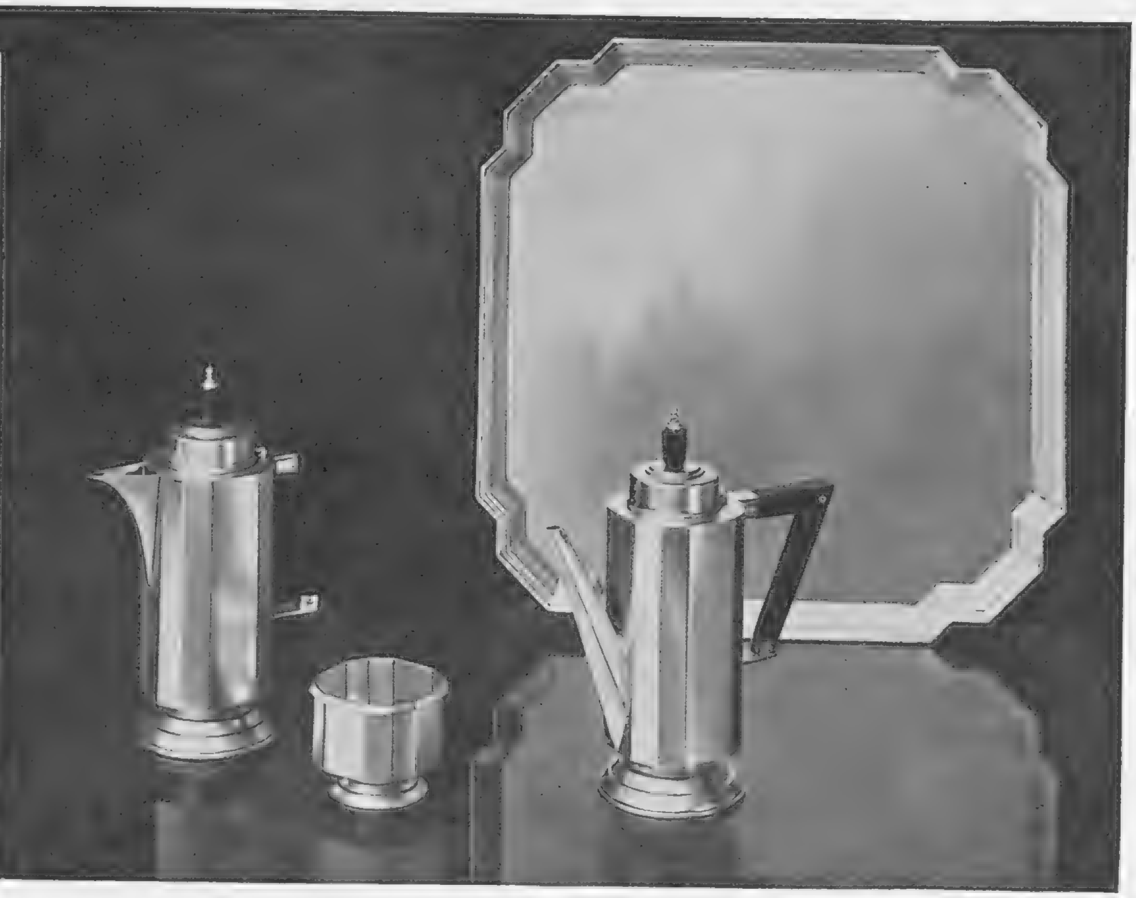

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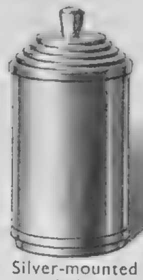

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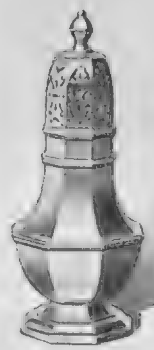

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SUMMER BEAUTY.

EVERY woman loves the chance that summer brings to wear clothes that make her seem eternally youthful, but many are hard put to it to make their complexions live up to such an ideal—for just when the sun shines down, pitilessly revealing every tiny flaw, complete naturalness is the only thing that has any real charm. Sophistication is out of place on a beach, and powder puffs should not be too evident during country visits. Only the art which conceals art can come to our aid then.

First your rouge and your lipstick must harmonise perfectly with your natural colour, and your powder must blend in with the tone of your skin. Remember that this is now probably several shades darker than it is in the winter, and choose a Sun Tan which will give a soft glow to your face.

This question of selecting a perfect rouge is not so involved as might be supposed, for "Tangee" Crème rouge has the same qualities as their famous lip-stick. That is to say, it changes colour on the cheeks, subtly brightening the natural bloom which lies dormant there. What is more, it is ideal to use when one goes swimming and for all outdoor sports. The fact that it costs only 4s. 6d. is another point in its favour! Their Compact rouge is even easier to apply and costs 3s. 6d.

Permanent and non-greasy, despite its cream base which keeps the lips soft and prevents parching or chapping, "Tangee" lip-stick is of an unobtrusive orange tint which, by virtue of a unique principle, actually changes colour after it comes into contact with the lips until it attains the exact shade that is brought out by the pigmentation of the skin.

The merest suspicion of "Tangee" day cream—a light dusting of "Tangee" powder—and your complexion will take care of itself, providing always that at night you cleanse and nourish it with "Tangee" night cream, so that its texture and health may be safeguarded.

A skin protected by "Tangee" night and day creams is one that will always be fine-textured and healthy; while a complexion that owes its delicate, beautifully natural colouring to "Tangee" rouge and lipstick earns the highest of all praise, for it seems to owe nothing to art.

Another thing that attracts far more attention in the summer than at any other time is one's hair, for the vivid light shows up in a merciless manner any tendency to greyness. The stress of modern life is undoubtedly inclined to cause premature greyness—yet many women have a strong aversion to using a dye, fearing its consequences. A Radio Active Tonic which re-invigorates and stimulates the very roots of the hair is the ideal solution, since colour depends upon the fertility of the roots. "Caradium" Hair Restorer will not dye the hair, but it claims to produce, after about ten days' or a fortnight's continual use, the natural colour of the hair prior to the fading or greyness, although in extreme cases it would probably take about three to five weeks to achieve this end. Detection is impossible owing to the gradual change, and "Caradium" will not stain either the skin or linen. It costs 7s. 6d. post free, from Caradium Regd., 38, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W., or it may be obtained from Boots and most of the London Stores.

Lastly, a problem that almost every woman has to face is that of finding an efficient deodorant. Useless just to trust to luck, or to hope for the best. The worst is certain to happen when one is wearing a delicate and expensive dress. Two excellent methods of protection are afforded by modern science.

"Perstop," a liquid deodorant which stops perspiration and all its attendant ills, and "Perstik" which prevents under-arm odour, without stopping the natural flow of perspiration. The former is contained in a non-spillable bottle, and is applied direct from its sponge-necked top—which means that it is economical and simple to use. A 2s. 6d. bottle should last many months, and one application gives from one to five days' protection. "Perstik" is non-irritating, and will not injure the most delicate fabrics, providing it is rubbed in thoroughly. This, too, costs 2s. 6d., and since it looks like a lip-stick and is applied like one, it can be carried in a handbag, for there is nothing to break or stain.

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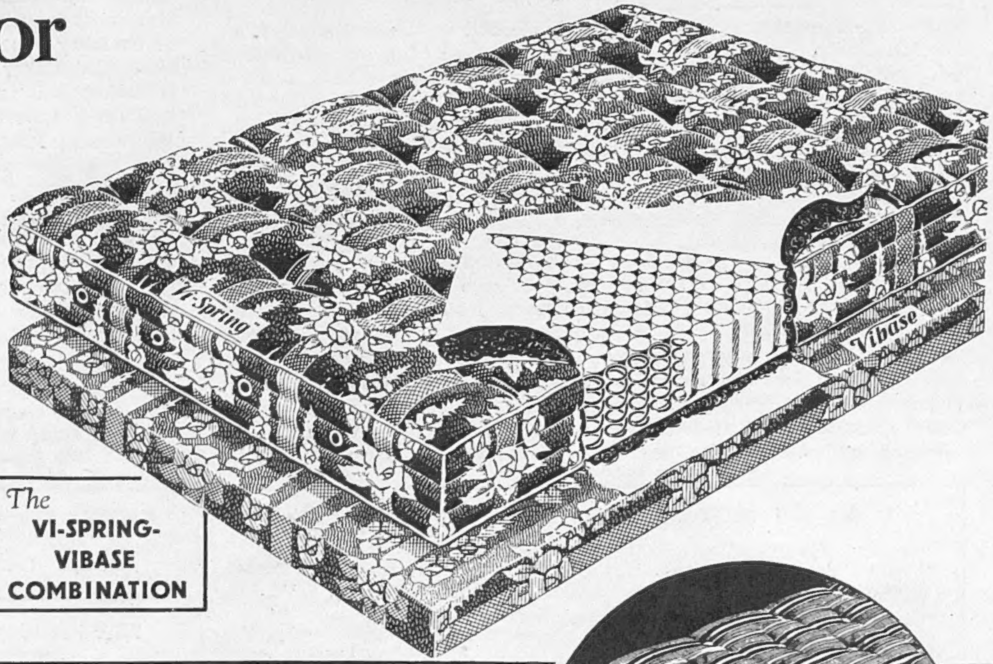

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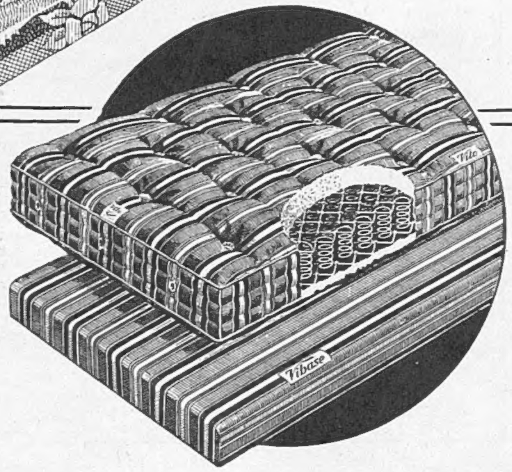

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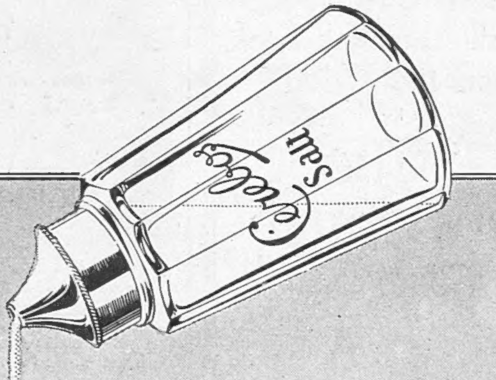

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—(*Continued from Page 174.*)

satire is seldom directly expressed; it is implicit in the character of her heroine, Paula. If this were a fairy-story instead of a very up-to-date novel of manners, Paula would figure as a butterfly with a soul—a transformed princess, perhaps, who can never feel really at home with her irresponsible, care-free companions. Butterfly after butterfly settles at her side and woos her with despairing gestures; but sadly she turns away, her heart is given to an eagle. Perhaps "eagle" is too fierce a symbol for Andrew, who, after all, had his mundane side and could drink a cocktail with anyone. Still, he was, by comparison with the rest, *un homme sérieux.*

A Light Touch.

Miss Baker's touch is as sure as it is light, and the economy of means with which she achieves her effects is masterly. Without recourse to direct statement she can arrange a group, convey an atmosphere, bow the crushed spirit to earth or set it free in exaltation. She can even describe Venice, an almost hopeless task. One may complain that there are too many characters, and they chatter too much, and to some extent the criticism is justified. We are sometimes uneasily aware of strange names and faces that mean little to us, and dialogue that is unsubstantial fare even for the satiric Muse. To take a successful photograph of triviality one must not give a long exposure. But it is very seldom that Miss Baker makes this mistake, and most of the dialogue is as revealing as it is witty. The whole thing is very slight, yet within its limits it is a work of art, and the note it strikes, or breathes, vibrates in the memory long after the louder noises of fiction have ceased to sound. The book's quality is elusive and escapes definition. Perhaps what chiefly charm us are the transitions from gravity to gaiety, from artlessness to sophistication, and the impression (which one first got in "Daisy Miller") of an unspoilt, ingenuous nature attracted, like a moth, to singe its wings in a bright alien world. Yet even that impression is only partially true, for Paula had the measure of her friends, and in her thoughts let her sly malice play round them. Miss Baker gives her the loan of her nimble intelligence and her sense of values.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Cat Jumps. By Elizabeth Bowen. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Pelican Walking. By G. B. Stern. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
The Arcadians. By Mary Landon Baker. (*Golden Shield Press; 6s.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park. 8.30.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.

"QUEEN OF SCOTS" (New). 8.30.—Clever portrait of the unhappy Queen by Gwen ffrangçon-Davies. Excellent production, acting, and settings.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"BALLETS RUSSES" (Covent Garden). 8.45.—Diaghilev glories revived by Colonel de Basil's troupe. Orchestra admirable.

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—Elmer Rice's very exciting new play. Acting on high level.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand). 8.30.—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.

"HAPPY WEEK-END" (Duke of York's). 8.15.—Lively musical play. Steve Geray and Magda Kun specially excellent.

"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Nelson Keys and Hermione Baddeley, Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion). 8.30.—Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"PRINCESS CHARMING" (New Gallery).—Evelyn Laye in a light-hearted Ruritanian comedy.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Tivoli).—George Arliss at his best.

"EVERGREEN" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Jessie Matthews as a *divette* of two generations.

"MAN OF ARAN" (Polytechnic).—For its magnificent photography and fine natural acting.

"WINGS OVER EVEREST" (Polytechnic).—Chronicle of the Houston Mount Everest Flight.

"UNFINISHED SYMPHONY" (Curzon).—Revival of the delightful Schubertian romance.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"HERE COMES THE GROOM" (Plaza).—The adventures of a piccolo player.

"THE GREAT SCHNOZZLE" (Leicester Square Theatre).—A great droll in a characteristic part.

"BABY, TAKE A BOW" (Capitol).—Starring Shirley Temple.

"MIN AND BILL" and "PRIVATE LIVES" (Empire).—Two favourite films revived.

"THE LOVES OF ARIANE" (Rialto).—Elisabeth Bergner.

"MADAME DU BARRY" (Carlton).—Dolores del Rio in lavish settings.

"POIL DE CAROTTE" and "THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT" (Academy).—Revival of Robert Lynen's first starring vehicle and René Clair's early comedy.

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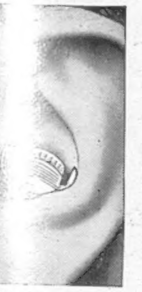

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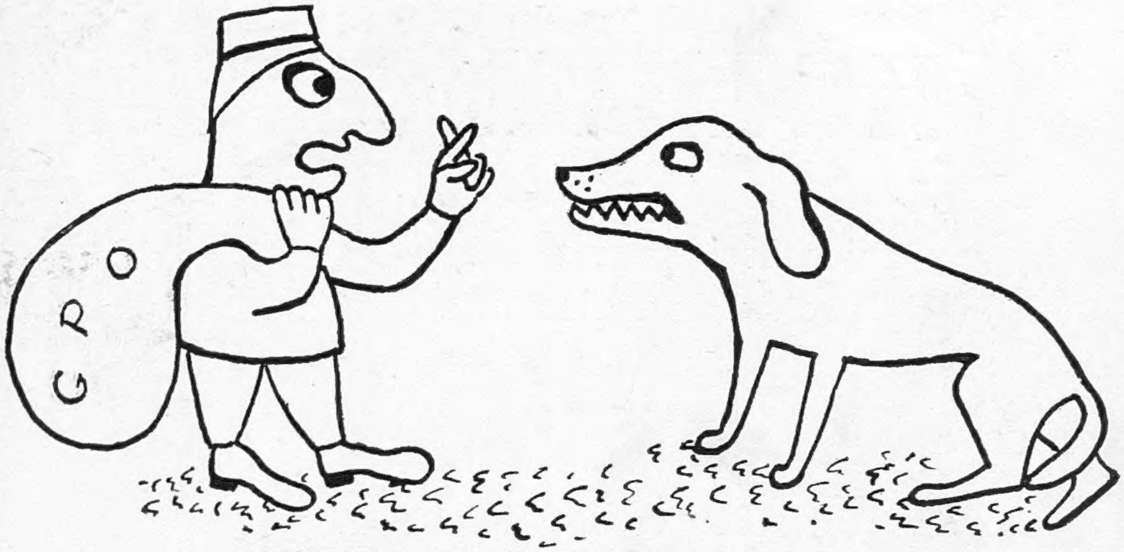

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